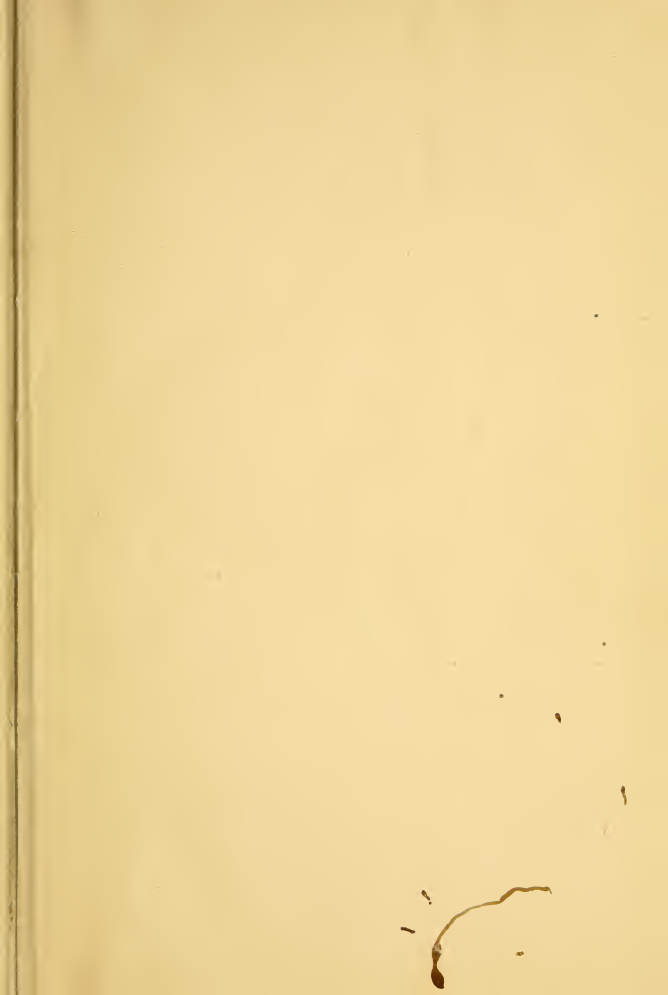


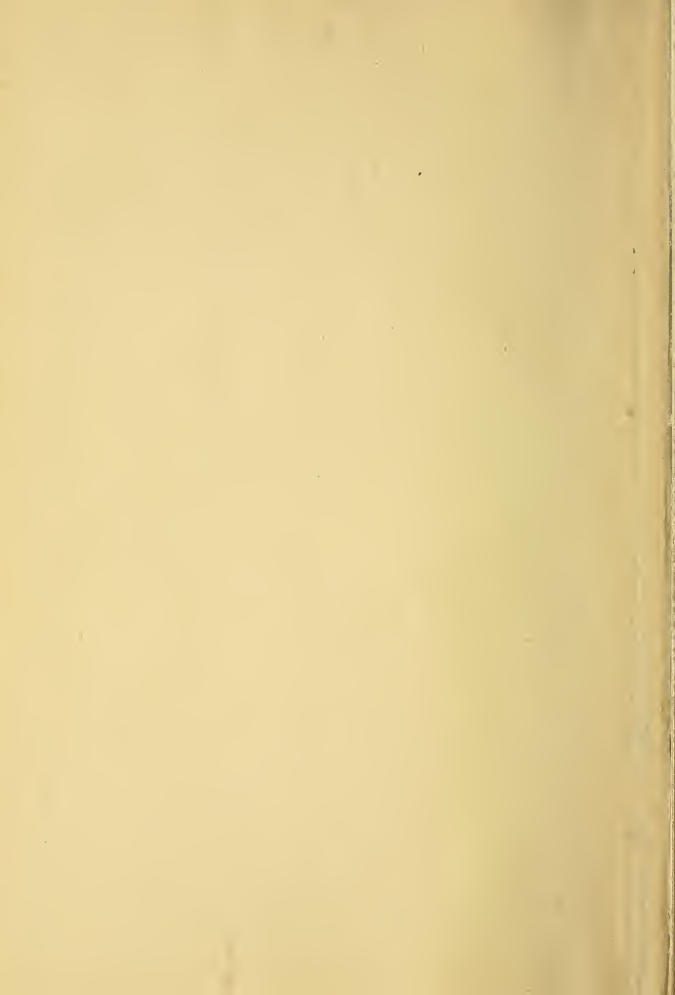


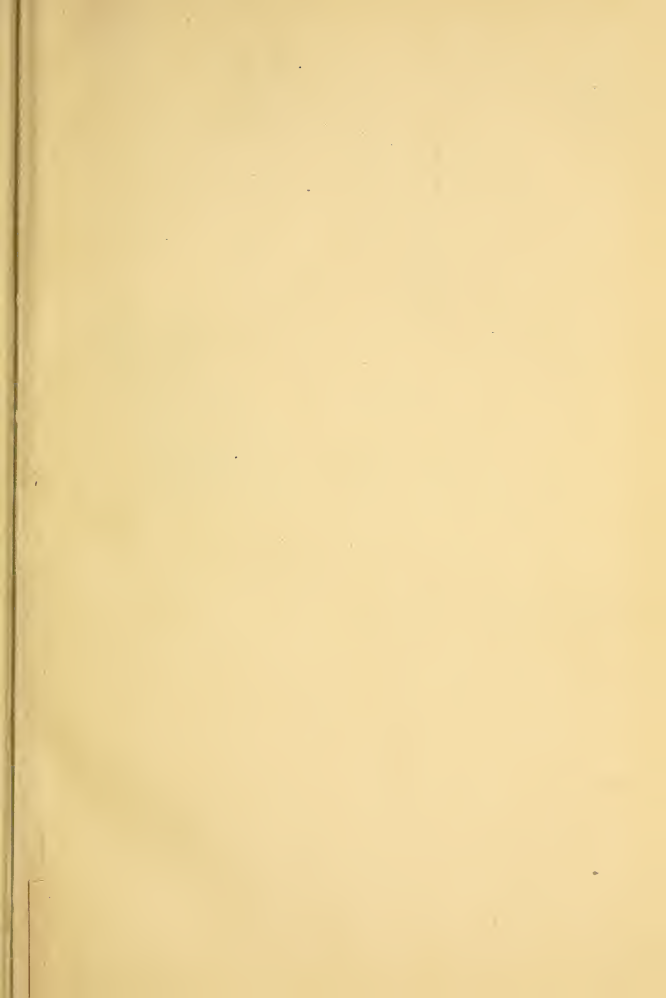


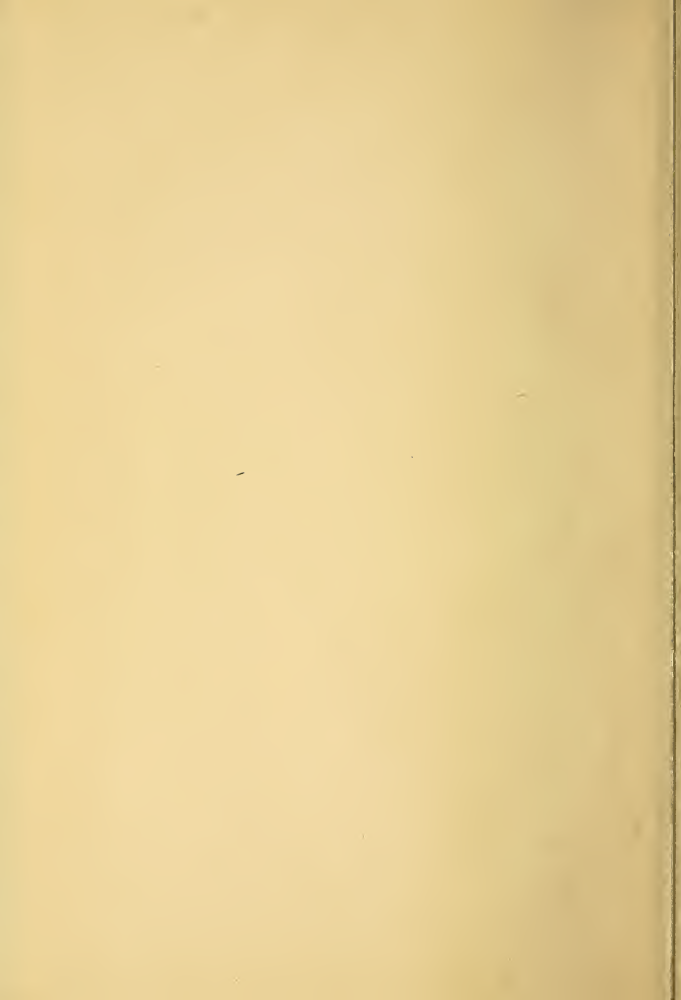
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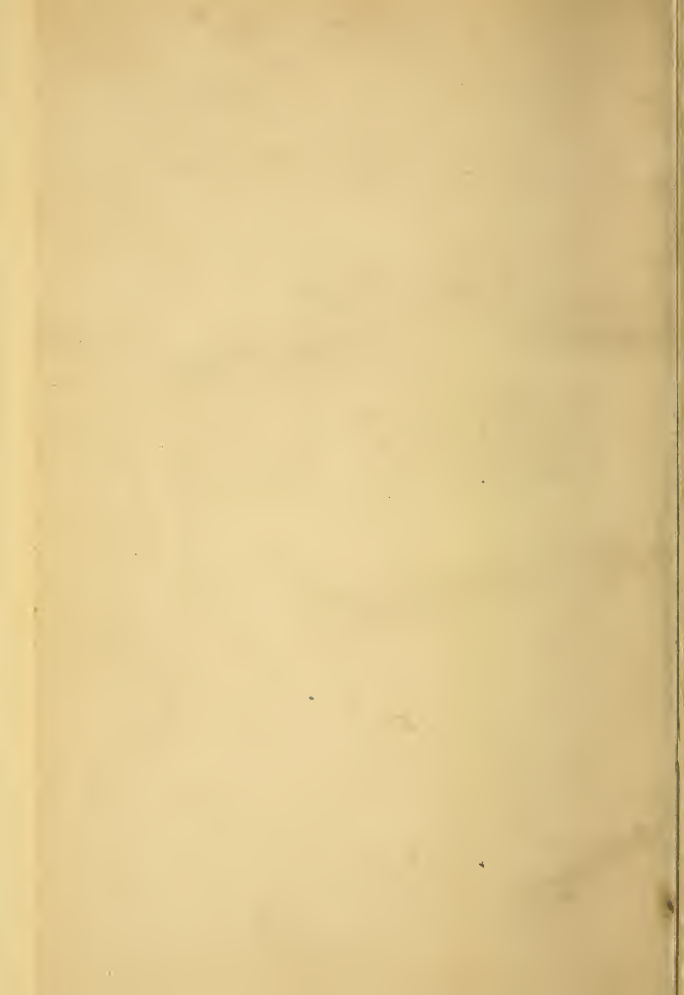




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1807

NATHAN THE WISE.



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NATHAN, THE WISE.

A DRAMATIC POEM
OF FIVE ACTS,

BY

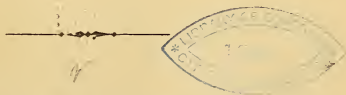
Waldheim

LESSING.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

BY

DR. ISIDOR KALISCH.



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NEW YORK:

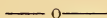
WALDHEIMER & ZENN, PUBLISHERS, 10 JOHN ST.

1869.

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P R E F A C E .



A genuine seer and poet is the common property of all nations. His ideas, thoughts, words and doctrines ought, especially in our own progressive age, be known to all.

And such a one was GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING, who was born in 1729, in the city of Kamenz, in the Saxonian Oberlausitz (Upper Lusatia) where his father was officiating as first Evangelical Minister, and died in the city of Braunschweig (Brunswick) on the 15th of February, 1781. His friends erected to him a monument in the Library Square, in the city of Wolfenbuetel; but the best one he erected to himself in his immortal works.

It is well acknowledged by his countrymen, that he was the reformer of the German National Literature and spiritual life generally; a fine and acute critic, a poet well versed in

the classical as well as in modern languages, and thoroughly acquainted with the ancient sources of theology.

He was a burning and shining light of such rare power and splendor, that it will warm the human heart and enlighten the spirit wherever a glimpse of it will be visible. He belongs, therefore, not to a particular age and nation, but to the whole human family of the present and future.

He took to himself the whole armor of God, truth combined with tolerance, pressed forward manfully, and tried to lead to the deep springs of universal religion, fed ever from the celestial heights of the Divine nature, whence flows that mighty river of God, full of living water, where all mankind may drink perennial supply. Very ingeniously remarked Dr. Gabriel Riesser (*Riesser's Gesammelte Schriften*, vol. iv. p. 1-5-30): "There are names, the sounds of which embody the most noble endeavors of humanity, so that they impart to our souls more than any elaborate speech can ever do. The name of a great man animates us by an idea, the expression of which was his personality and the representation of it was his life

and works. All, that speech is too poor to express in distinct terms and which can scarcely be stammered in abstruse abstractions, sounds in such a name lively and vigorously in our souls. The immortality of every great man enriches his native tongue with a word, significant and instructive, as there cannot be found any one like that in the whole treasure of the language. The recollection of its master spirits is the richest inheritance of every people's language. All humanity draws from the same source the description of its deepest emotions. As science designates stars by names, thus history of mankind calls after its great men the shining epochs and turns of events and the most significant directions. Their memory is the most holy legacy of the past, and an elevating guaranty of the future. Their names, like healing magic words, act on the mind of him who is dejected by the suffering of the present. They awake again the confidence in progress and in the future of humanity, should it begin to waver on account of the scene of a momentary standstill or retrogression. Thus means the name Lessing culture of humanity, philanthropy, enlighten-

ment, civil and religious liberty, war against intolerance, religious hate and the oppression of reason. Every heart that beats higher in great hope for humanity by such ideas, feeling a deep interest in the struggles of the present, and being painfully agitated by the recollection of the troubles of the past, it is warmed and re-animated by the deep breath of the name LESSING. The offended feeling is cheered up and consoled, the enfeebled sense revels with gladness in the breathing of a refreshing air, it gains new strength to execute works of humanity; it heard a word of comfort and promise and is strengthened anew in faith and trust. But there is still a much closer connection which agitates our heart when mentioning his name. Wherever was the deepest darkness, there let LESSING shine the sun of his spirit the brightest and most brilliantly; wherever the hate raged fearfully and was most destructive since many centuries, there his philanthropy exercised most zealously and gloriously its sanative power. His great heart embraced all humanity with an inexhaustible love; his unflinching courage and his never-failing intellectual power were ever ready to fight against

every prejudice, against every falsehood, and against every unjust hatred.—

A glance on LESSING's grand poem, on his *Nathan the Wise*, teaches us how distant LESSING's muse has been from the censured prejudices. This drama was devoted to toleration, liberty of conscience and love of humanity; hatred and fanaticism are the blind demons with which wisdom and love grapple and overcome them gloriously. There was no lack of critics who on account of an adopted theory did not like to look on *Nathan* as a poetical piece; because, as they pleased to express themselves, it has a didactical tendency. As if it were unbecoming a poet to teach and cultivate! But there is at the bottom a misunderstanding of a peculiar kind. It is not the teaching, but the manner and form of expressing it can only become detrimental to poetry.

Nature also teaches; but she instructs without any intention to do so and to make it visible before our eyes; she teaches, when she is creating, forming and preserving. We may demand of the poet, that he shall imitate the mysterious charm of nature as much as possi-

ble, that he shall attract and win our hearts by living creations of his imagination, and that he shall instruct us unperceivingly while we are delighted with a lovely contemplation. Therefore, we can then reproach the poet, and only then, if the characters represented by him leave us without any sympathy, and, instead of a lively stimulating of our feelings, which we expect first of all, and indirectly, we perceive only a cold intention of instructing us. But he whose warm sympathy is not aroused by the characters in LESSING's *Nathan*; he whose tolerance and love are not gained by the representatives of the three religions, which they teach by their personalities, he is not capable of any poetical sympathy, and he may deplore his own poor nature, if he cannot detect any other intention except to impart sublime principles to his revolting consciousness. A spirit like LESSING's could not desist from his endeavors in any branch of his activity to instruct and to promote light and knowledge, and we may assume the idea, that he would have renounced poetry altogether, had its laws really demanded of him such a desistance. But true poetry forbids as little to

instruct as it forbids to love. But instruction as little as love, wisdom as little as emotion should replace the productive power of invention and language; they must satisfy the requirements of the poetical form of which they make use of, as they do in the highest degree in LESSING's poem.

The particular circumstance, however, that LESSING put the luminous point of this poem in the character of a Jew which gave much offence to the intolerance of his cotemporaries as well as to that of latter generations, dare not be passed over in silence. It must be admitted, that herein the sublime idea of humanity and poetical justice was conceived. What nobler task can poetry as well as philanthropy assign to themselves, than that to heal the most painful wounds which hatred has inflicted, and to carry the light of human right and loving acknowledgement into the deepest night of a misjudging hard-heartedness and blinded prejudice?

LESSING's muse has therefore selected Judaism for the corner-stone of the temple of reconciliation and philanthropy; because it suffered the longest and most severely by oppres-

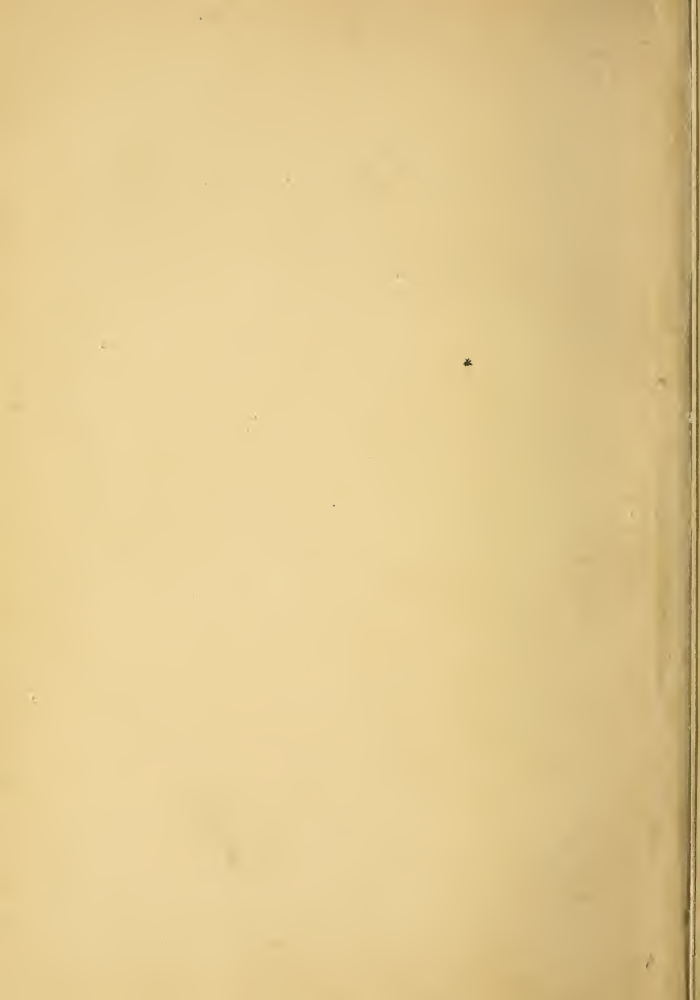
sion, hatred and persecution. The poet let his Jew be the least and his Christian the most biased by his own prejudice. From the beginning of his poem he let shine in the first the sentiment of a pure humanity, which high degree the latter reaches after many errors and inward struggles. We will neither use this creation of such a deep, human and poetical mind for accusations nor for a presumptuous arrogance. We will rather in like manner perceive in both characters, in the one who appears accomplished before us as well as in the one who tries to gain perfection before our face such pictures of unattained ideals which make us ashamed and which the poet wanted to show to the different religious sects."

I have translated into English "*Nathan the Wise*," one of the master-pieces of this author, in order to make my fellow-citizens familiar with the grand ideas of this illustrious foreigner. It is not here the place to discuss at large as to the comparative merit of prose and metrical translation; but I will simply state the reason why I have translated this master-piece of LESSING in prose. I fully agree with the learned correspondent of the "*Examiner*,"

who says : “ No poetical translation can give the rhythm and rhyme of the original ; it can only substitute the rythm and rhyme of the translator ; and for the sake of this substitute, we must renounce some portion of the original sense, and nearly all the expressions ; whereas, by a prose translation, we can arrive perfectly at the thoughts, and very nearly at the words of the original.”

Whether I have succeeded to taste the original to the core, and tried to preserve the light and shade of the poetical picture, by adequate expressions, so that my English version of “ *Nathan the Wise* ” be called a right translation, I leave it to the kind judgment of impartial critics.

DR. ISIDOR KALISCH.



CHARACTERS.

————:O:————

SULTAN SALADIN.

SITTAH, his Sister.

NATHAN, a rich Jew dwelling in Jerusalem.

RECHA, his adopted daughter.

DAJA, a Christian, living in the house of the Jew
as a companion of Recha.

A Young Templar.

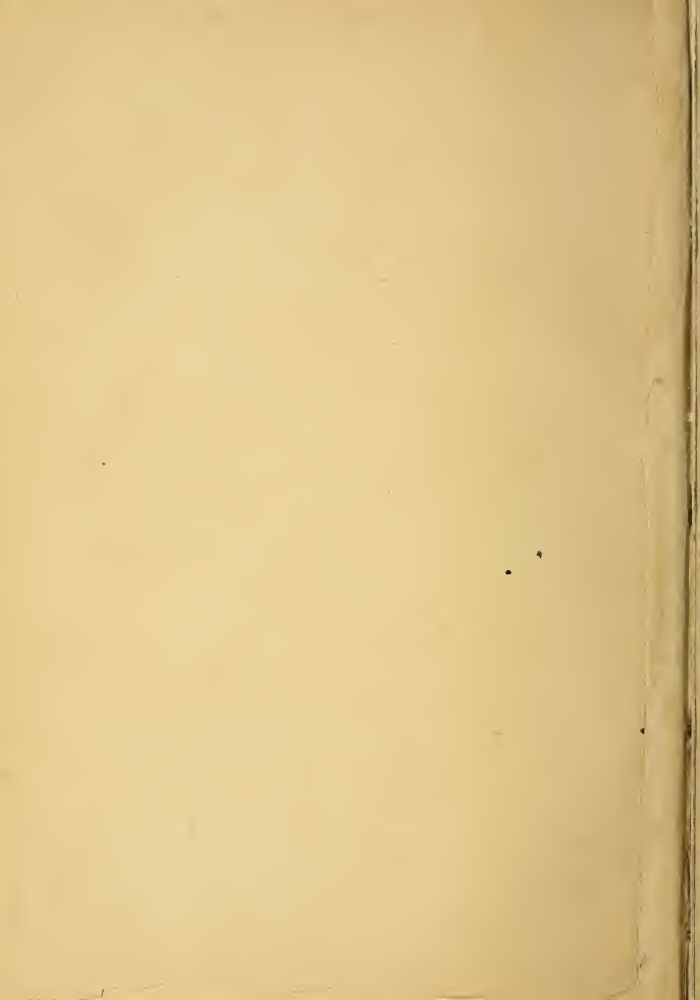
A Dervise.

The Patriarch of Jerusalem.

A Lay-Brother.

An Emir and several Mamelukes in the service
of Saladin.

Scene—Jerusalem in Palestine.



ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A vestibule in Nathan's house.*

Enter NATHAN returning from a trip. DAJA hastening to meet him.

DAJA. That is he! Nathan—God be praised for ever, that he has returned at last.

NAT. Yes, Daja! God be praised! But why do you say at last? Did I intend, or could I return earlier? The way I had to travel from Babylon to Jerusalem, turning sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left is about two hundred leagues, and to collect accounts is surely not a business going on so well that it were to be finished speedily.

DAJA. Oh, Nathan! how very wretched could you have been rendered here in the meantime! Your house—

NAT. Was on fire. I was told so already. May God grant that I am now informed of all.

DAJA. And had like to be burnt to the ground.

NAT. Well, Daja, we had built then for us a new one, and still more convenient.

DAJA. Very true!—But Recha was within a hair's breadth of being burnt.

NAT. Burnt? Who? My Recha? She? I did not hear that. Now, then! I had no need of a house any more. Burnt within a hair's breadth! Ho! She is indeed! Is actually burnt! Speak it out! Out with it! Kill me, and torture me not any longer. Yes, she is burnt to death.

DAJA. And if she were, would you learn that from me?

NAT. Now, why do you terrify me? Oh, Recha, oh my Recha!

DAJA. Yours!—Your Recha?

NAT. If I ever had to abandon the habit to call that child my child!

DAJA. Do you call all that you possess yours with just as much legality?

NAT. Nothing I do with more right than that. All else I possess has fallen to my share by nature and fortune. For this property alone I am indebted to virtue.

DAJA. Oh, Nathan ! how dear you make me pay for your benignity ! If goodness exercised with such an intention can still be called so.

NAT. With such an intention ? With what ?

DAJA. My conscience.

NAT. Daja, let me tell you before all.——

DAJA. My conscience I say.

NAT. What a beautiful stuff I bought for you in Babylon. So rich, and so tastefully rich ! I hardly bring a finer one for Recha.

DAJA. What boots it ? For I tell you my conscience cannot be silenced any longer.

NAT. I would like very much to see how you are pleased with the bracelets, ear-rings, ring and chain, which I purchased for you in Damascus.

DAJA. Now, so are you ! If you can only favor with gifts ! only make presents !

NAT. Take them so cheerfully as I give them to you ;—and be silent !

DAJA. Nathan, who is doubting, that you are not the very personification of honesty and generosity ? and yet ?

NAT. Yet ! I am but a Jew. Is it not that you meant to say ?

DAJA. What I wished to say, you know it better.

NAT. Well, keep silence !

DAJA. I will not say a word. All that is censurable by this before God which I cannot hinder nor alter—cannot—fall upon you.

NAT. Fall upon my head ! But where is she ? Where does she tarry so long ? Daja, if you deceive me ! Does she know that I arrived ?

DAJA. I ask you that ! Every nerve of her trembles still with terror, and her imagination is still painting fire to all its paintings. In sleep her spirit is awake, and sleeps when awake. Now less than a beast, then more than an angel.

NAT. Poor child ! What are we men !

DAJA. This morning she was lying long, with closed eyes, and was like death. She sprang up suddenly and cried hark ! hark ! There, the camels of my father are coming ! Listen ! his very voice, sweet and gentle ! Her eyes grew dim once again, and her head supported on her arm that was withdrawn, fell back upon the pillow. I ran through the gate ! And lo ! there you are coming ! Indeed ! you are coming What wonder ? Her whole soul was all the time but with you—and him.

NAT. And him ? with what him ?

DAJA. With him who saved her from the fire.

NAT. Who was that ? Who ? Where is he ? Who saved to me my Recha ? Who ?

DAJA. A young Templar who was brought captive a few days previous, and was pardoned by Saladin.

NAT. How ? A Templar whom Sultan Saladin gave quarter ? Could Recha not be rescued by a lesser miracle ? Oh, God !

DAJA. And but for him, who risked bravely again his unexpected prize, it were all over with her.

NAT. Where is he, Daja, this generous man? Where is he? Lead me to him to throw myself at his feet. You gave him in the first place the treasures I left to you? You gave him all? you promised more? far more?

DAJA. How could we?

NAT. You did not? No?

DAJA. He came, and nobody knows from whence. He went and nobody knows whither. Having been an utter stranger in the house, he was only guided by his ear and with an unfolded cloak he forced his way boldly through smoke and flames, to the voice which cried to us for help. We had already given him up as lost when out of smoke and flames he suddenly stood before us carrying her aloft in his strong arm. Cold and untouched by the loud acclamations of our joy and thanks, he put down his booty, squeezed through the crowd and disappeared.

NAT. Not forever, I hope.

DAJA. We saw him walking in the first days afterwards up and down under the palm-trees which shade the sepulchre of the Ascended. I approached him with joy, thanked, eulogized, bade and conjured him,—to see but once more the pious creature that cannot rest until she cried out her thanks at his feet.

NAT. Well?

DAJA. In vain! He remained deaf to our entreaties, and poured out such sarcasm especially upon me. . . .

NAT. Until frightened away by this. . .

DAJA. Not at all! I accosted him again every day and suffered myself to be scorned daily anew. What did I not endure from him? What would I not bear still patiently from him? But it is very long, that he does not come any more to resort to the palm-trees which overshadow the grave of our Ascended, and nobody knows what has become of him. You are amazed? You are musing?

NAT. I think it over what an impression this must have made upon a spirit like Recha's, to find to be thus despised by him, whom one is

forced to esteem so highly ; to be repulsed in such a degree, and yet to be so attracted ! Heart and head must indeed quarrel with each other very long, whether misanthropy or melancholy shall be victorious. None of them will often triumph, and the imagination which interferes in the dispute makes enthusiasts by whom the head must now play the heart and then the heart play the head. Bad exchange. The latter, if I do not mistake, Recha, is her case. She gives herself up to wild flights of imagination.

DAJA. But she does it so piously and so lovely.

NAT. It is nevertheless roving !

DAJA. There is especially one vagary, if you please, very dear to her. Her Templar was no terrestrial man, nor of this earthly world, but one of the angels, to the protection of whom her little heart readily believed to be intrusted from infancy, who was hitherto wrapped in a cloud, hovering around her, even in the fire, and came forth now as a Templar. Do not smile ! Who knows ? And if smile you must, let her at least one delusion upon which Jew,

Christian, and Mohammedan agree—such a sweet error!

NAT. It is also sweet to me! Go my dear Daja, go, look how she is; whether I can see her. I will search then for the surly humorous guardian angel. And if he be pleased to walk still in this world among us, if he likes to play chivalry so unmannerly I shall find him surely, and bring him with me to this place.

DAJA. You undertake very much.

NAT. Should then sweet illusion give way to the sweeter truth, for believe me, Daja, a man is always more agreeable to men than an angel.—You will not be angry with me in curing the angelic enthusiast?

DAJA. You are so good, and at the same time so bad! I go! but lo! there she is coming herself.

SCENE II.—*Recha and the Former.*

RECH. Are you entirely here, my father? I thought you had but sent on your voice,

Where do you tarry so long? What mountains, deserts and rivers separate us still from each other? You are breathing close by the same wall with her, and yet you hurry not to embrace your Recha? Poor Recha, who was burnt in the meantime!—Almost, well nigh was burnt, yes, but almost. Shudder not! It is a horrible death to be burnt. Oh!

NAT. My child! my darling child!

RECH. You had to take your voyage over the Euphrates, Tigris, Jordan; over—who knows all the rivers? How often did I tremble for your life before the fire came so near me, but now it seems to me, to die by water is refreshment, comfort, deliverance. You are, however, not drowned, and I am not burnt. Now let us rejoice and praise God the Almighty! He, he carried you and the boat upon the wings of his invisible angels over the faithless streams. He, he beckoned to my angel, that he shall visibly carry me on his white wings through the fire.

NAT. (White wings! Yes, yes! The extended white cloak of the Templar.)

RECH. He visibly carried me, yes, visibly through the fire, blown away by his wings.— I have seen now an angel from face to face; and my angel.

NAT. Recha were deserving it, and she would not behold more beauty in him than he could in her.

RECH. (smilingly) Whom are you flattering, my father? Whom? The angel or yourself?

NAT. But if only a man—a man as nature presents him daily had rendered you the service, he must be for you an angel. He must and would be so.

RECH. Not such an angel! No! A real one! It was surely a real one!—Did not you yourself teach me the possibility, that there are angels, and that God can also work miracles for those who love him? Why, I love him.

NAT. And he loves you and performs miracles for you and the like hourly. Yes, he wrought them for you from all eternity.

RECH. That I like to hear.

NAT. How? If a real Templar saved you, shall it therefore be much less a wonder because it sounds natural and common? It is the greatest of all miracles, that true and real wonders can become so common to us in every day life. Without this general wonder has hardly any reflecting mind, called ever that a wonder which only children call so who are staring at the most unusual or marvelous things.

DAJA. (To Nathan) Will you burst by such subtilities the brains of her, that were already overstrained?

NAT. Let me alone! Were it not wonder enough to my Recha that a man saved her who had first to be saved himself by not an insignificant wonder? Yes! it is highly marvelous! For who has ever heard before, that Saladin spared the life of a Templar? That a Templar ever wished or hoped to be spared by him? That he ever offered to him anything more for freedom than a leather belt dragging his irons, and at most his poinard?

RECH. That makes an inference for me, my father.—Therefore he was not a Templar, but

appeared only to be so. If a captured Templar comes never to the city of Jerusalem but to a certain death ; if such a one is never moving freely in Jerusalem, how could a real Templar save me voluntarily by night ?

NAT. Oh, how sensible ! Now, Daja, begin to speak. I have the report from you, that he was sent as a prisoner hither. It is no doubt, that you know more about it.

DAJA. Well, yes. Indeed, they say so ; but it is also rumored, that Saladin pardoned him on account of the resemblance between him and one of his brothers who was most endeared to him. But as twenty odd years passed away, since that brother died—his name was I do not know what, he died—I do not know where—it sounds very incredible, that the whole account is worth nothing.

NAT. Eh ! Daja ! Wherefore is this so incredible ? Surely not, as it is here the case, in order to believe a thing that is still more incredible ? Why, could not Saladin, who loves all his brothers and sisters, be especial attached to one of them, when young, more affectionately ? Does it not happen that two

faces resemble one another? Is an old time impression lost? Does the same not work any more the same? Since when? Wherein lies here the incredible thing? Ah, indeed, ingenious Daja! It would not be any wonder for you any more, and only your wonder requi . . .
. . . . deserve, I mean to say, full credit!

DAJA. You are mocking.

NAT. Because you rail at me. But, Recha, even then, your deliverance remains still a miracle that is only possible for Him who likes to govern by the weakest threads, the firmest resolutions and indomitable schemes of kings, his play, if not his raillery.

RECH. My father! My father, if I am mistaken, you know, I do not err on purpose.

NAT. You are rather quite ready to listen to reason. Look here, a forehead so or so curved; the ridge of the nose so or so arched; eye brows coiling themselves so round a sharp edge or flat bone; a line, a flexure, an angle of an eye or mouth, a wrinkle, a mole, a nothing upon the face of a wild European—and you are rescued from a fire in Asia! Is that no miracle,

you wonder-seeking people? Why do you trouble even an angel?

DAJA. Nathan, if I may speak, what harm would it be in thinking of having been rather saved by an angel than by a man? Does not one feel himself much nearer to the first incomprehensible cause of his deliverance?

NAT. Pride! and nothing but pride! The iron pot likes to be taken out of the fire with silver pincers to think itself a pot of silver. Pooh! you ask and what harm does it? What harm it does? What boots it? may I ask you in return;—for your idea “to feel one’s self much nearer to God,” is nonsense or blasphemy.—But it is injurious, yes it is pernicious, indeed.—Come, and listen to me.—Is it not so? Do not you wish both, and especially you, to return many great services to the being that saved your life, be it an angel or a man? Is it not so? Now, what favors, nay, what great services can you render to an angel? You may thank him, and sighing pray to him; you may be enchanted with him; you can fast on the day consecrated to him and distribute alms. All this is nothing. Because

it seems to me, that you yourself and your neighbor would gain by this far more than he. He will not grow fat by your fasting, nor rich by your charity, nor more magnificent by your transport, and not mightier by your confidence. Is it not so? But a man—

DAJA. Indeed! A man would have given us far more opportunity to perform something for him. And God knows, that we were quite ready to do so. But he did not want, yes, he did not need anything at all. He was contented in and with himself, as only angels are and angels can be.

RECH. Finally as he then disappeared. . . .

NAT. Disappeared? What do you mean by that? He was not to be seen anymore under the palm-trees? How? Or did you already search for him any where else?

DAJA. We did not.

NAT. No? You did not, Daja? Now look here, what harm that can do! Cruel enthusiasts If this angel fell now sick!

RECH. Sick!

DAJA. He is not sick, I hope.

RECH. What a cold tremor takes hold of me!—Daja, my forehead usually so warm, feel it! is suddenly like ice.

NAT. He is a Franconian, not acclimated; he is young, unaccustomed to the hard work of his profession to privation and watching.

RECH. Sick! sick!

DAJA. What may be possible, is Nathan merely guessing.

NAT. Now there he lies, having neither a friend nor money to engage attendants.

RECH. Ah, my father!

NAT. There he is lingering without having any nursing, advice and consolation, a prey to pains and death!

RECH. Where? Where?

NAT. He, enough it was a man, who rushed into the fire for one he never knew nor ever saw. . . .

DAJA. Nathan, act cautiously towards her.

NAT. He, who did not like to get acquainted with her nor to see her again, that she may not thank him. . . .

DAJA. Spare her, Nathan !

NAT. He did not want to see her any more, except he should rescue her a second time.— For certainty it was a man.

Daja. Leave off speaking and look !

NAT. Dying he has nothing to refresh himself but the consciousness of that deed !

DAJA. Stop ! you kill her !

NAT. And you have killed him. Thus you might have killed him. Recha ! Recha ! It is medicine and not poison which I administer you. He lives ! Come to yourself again ! He is not sick, not sick at all.

RECH. Is it sure ? Not dead ? not sick ?

NAT. Certainly, not dead ! For God rewards still here the good that was performed here. Go ! But do you comprehend how much easier it is to give one's self up to a devout flight of imagination than to act good ? How the

weakest man likes to fall into a pious enthusiasm, although he is sometimes not clearly conscious of his aim—in order to be excused from doing good!

RECH. Ah, my father! Leave, leave your Recha never all alone again! Is it not so?—May he not be only out of town?

NAT. Go! certainly!—I see there a Mussulman inspecting with an inquisitive look the laden camels. Do you know him?

DAJA. Your Dervise.

NAT. Who?

DAJA. Your Dervise! your chess partner!

NAT. Al Hafi? Is that Al Hafi?

DAJA. He is now the Sultan's treasurer.

NAT. How? Al Hafi? Are you dreaming again? It is he! Indeed, it is he! He is coming up to us. Retire quick! What shall I hear?

SCENE III.—*Nathan and Dervise.*

DERV. Fix your eyes on me as big as you can.

NAT. Is that you? or is that not you?—A Dervise in such a pomp!

DERV. Well? Why not? Can nothing be made of a Dervie, nothing at all?

NAT. Why, plenty!—But I thought always that the Dervise, the true Dervise, does not want to be made something.

DERV. By the Prophet! It may be true, that I am not a faithful one. Yet, if one must. . . .

NAT. Must! A Dervise must? On no compulsion must any man, and a Dervise must? Now, what must he?

DERV. All that one asks him for, and he considers it right, that must a Dervise.

NAT. By our God, there you speak the truth. Man, let me embrace you.—You are still my friend, I hope. .

DERV. Do you not ask me first what I became?

NAT. In spite of what you have been made!

DERV. Could I not have become a fellow in

the State whose friendship would not suit you?

NAT. If your heart is still Dervise I risk it upon that. The fellow in the state is but your garment.

DERV. That wants also to be honored ; what do you think am I at court? Guess?

NAT. Dervise and nothing else. But besides probably cook.

DERV. Yes, indeed ! in order to forget my profession by you. Why cook and not also butler? Acknowledge, that Saladin knows me much better. I became his treasurer.

NAT. You? Treasurer to him?

DERV. Understand : of the little treasury. The larger one is managed by his father and I have the control over the finances of his house.

NAT. His house is large.

DERV. And larger as you may think ; for every beggar belongs to his house.

NAT. Yet he hates beggars.

DERV. He is therefore determined to extirpate them altogether! and even should he become by that a beggar himself.

NAT. Well done! Just so I like it.

DERV. He is a beggar already, notwithstanding his riches! For his treasury is every day at sunset much emptier than empty. The flowing of the tide may be ever so high in the morning, it runs off again long before noon.

NAT. Because there are some channels devouring it, which can neither be filled, nor is it possible to stop them up.

DERV. Exactly.!

NAT. I know that.

DERV. It is certainly not good, when princes are vultures amidst carcasses; but it is ten times worse when they are carcasses amidst vultures.

NAT. Nay, Dervise, nay!

DERV. You speak quite at your ease, Sir!—Come on! What will you give me, if I resign my office to you?

NAT. What yields your office ?

DERV. Me ? Not much. But it may be very profitable for you ; because if the finances are at low water mark as they usually are—you open your sluices, advance some money and charge as much interest as you please.

NAT. Compound interest of interests ?

DERV. Certainly !

NAT. Until my capital stock becomes all interest.

DERV. Does not this attract you ? Write forthwith a letter of divorce to our friendship ! For indeed ! I reckoned very much upon you.

NAT. Indeed ? how so ?

DERV. That you will assist me in discharging my official duties honorably, that I will always have the disposal of your chest. You shake your head ?

NAT. Let us now have an understanding about this. There is something to be distinguished. You ? Why not you ? The Dervise Al Hafi is ever welcome to all that is in my

power. But Al Hafi Deftendar of Saladin, who, whom. . . .

DERV. Did I not guess it? that you are always as good as prudent and prudent as wise. Patience! The distinction you make in Hafi shall soon cease again.—Look here the robe of honor which I have received of Saladin. Before it is faded, and before it is worn out to rags with which they clothe a Dervise, it shall hang on the nail at Jerusalem, and I will be on the Ganges where I shall tread with my teachers, light and barefooted upon the burning sands.

NAT. That looks like you!

DERV. And I will play chess with them.

NAT. Your greatest treasure!

DERV. Consider only that which persuaded me!—That I shall not need to go myself begging any longer? that I be able of playing the rich man amongst the poor? To be capable of changing in an instant the richest beggar into a needy rich?

NAT. Certainly, not that!

DERV. A still greater absurdity! I felt

myself flattered at the first time, flattered by the good hearted delusion of Saladin.—

NAT. Which was ?

DERV. A beggar knows only in what disposition of mind beggars are ; a beggar only has learned to give to the poor in a friendly manner. Your predecessor, said he, was too cold and too rough. He was so unkindly when he gave something ; made first inquiries for the recipient very impetuously ; was never satisfied that he knows the want, but he wished to know also the cause of it, in order to weigh niggardly the gift by this cause. Al Hafi will not do so ! So illiberal liberal will Saladin not appear in Hafi ! Al Hafi is not like obstructed water-pipes, that give back the waters which they received clearly and quitely, so gushing and impure. Al Hafi thinks, Al Hafi feels like me !—The fowler's life sounded so very sweet until the dunce was in the net.—What a fool I am ! A fool's fool !

NAT. Be easy my Dervise, be easy !

DERV. Ah, what ! Were it not foolishness to

oppress, enervate, plunder, torture and slaughter men by hundred thousands, and yet to play a philanthropist to a few! Were it not foolishness to imitate the divine mercy of the Most High, bestowing sunshine and rain without distinction upon good and wicked, field and desert, yet not to have always the liberal hand of the Most High? What? Is it not a mockery?

NAT. Enough of that! Stop!

DERV. Let me only mention my foolishness! What? Were it not foolish to find out the fairest side of a mockery, and to participate in it on account of that? ha? Is it not so?

NAT. Al Hafi make haste, that you come into your wilderness again. I fear, that living among men you would just forget to be a man.

DERV. Exactly. I fear it too. Farewell!

NAT. What a hurry? Stay, Al Hafi. Does the wilderness run away from you? Wait! that he might hear me! Ho! Al Hafi! Here!—He is gone, and I liked to ask him about the Templar. Probably he knows him very well.

SCENE IV.—*Daja enters hastily, Nathan.*

DAJA. Oh, Nathan, Nathan !

NAT. What is the matter now ?

DAJA. He let himself be seen again ! He shows himself again !

NAT. Who, Daja ? who ?

DAJA. He ! He !

NAT. He ? He ?—When does not he show himself ? Well, yes ! Your he is called he. This should not be ! And even if he were an angel, no !

DAJA. He walks up and down under the palm-trees, and is plucking dates from time to time.

NAT. Does he eat them ?—and as a Templar ?

DAJA. Why do you plague me ? Her covetous eye detected him behind the close-wreathed palm-tree, and is keeping him steadily in sight. She desired me to ask you—to conjure you, to accost him immediately. Oh, make haste ! She

will motion you out of the window whether he goes up or he turns farther off. Oh, be quick!

NAT. Just so as I alighted from the camels? Does this become me? Go; but make despatch, and announce to him my return. You will see, that this noble man did not want to enter my house merely during my absence, and would not come now reluctantly, if the father himself invite him. Go, tell him, that I invite him, heartily invite. . . .

DAJA. All in vain. He would not come. For in short, he comes not to a Jew.

NAT. Well! Go, go and detain him, or at least fix your eyes upon him.—Go, I come right after you.

SCENE V.—*Scenery:—A square planted with palm-trees, under which the TEMPLAR is walking up and down. A LAY-BROTHER follows him on the side at a little distance, as if he would like to address him:*

TEMP. This man followed me not long ago. Behold! how he throws a sideling look at my hands! Dear brother. . . . I could also call you father, is it not so?

LAY B. Merely brother—lay-brother only, to be at any service.

TEMP. Yes, dear brother, if I had only something for myself! By God! By God! I have nothing.—

LAY B. And nevertheless, I give you my heartfelt thanks! God grant you a thousand times as great all, that you would like to give me. For the will and not the gift makes the donor. Besides I was not sent after you on account of receiving alms.

TEMP. Yet are you sent after me?

LAY B. Yes, I was from the convent.

TEMP. Where I hoped to find but now a little pilgrim's meal?

LAY B. The tables were all occupied already; but, sir, you will also return with me again.

TEMP. To what purpose? Indeed! I have not eaten any meat for a long time; but what do I care for? The dates are now ripe.

LAY B. Sir, be careful in using this fruit. It is not good to eat too much of it. It is an

obstruent to the spleen and produces melancholy blood.

TEMP. If I would like to become now melancholy? Yet, you was sent after me to give me this warning?

LAY B. Oh, no! I shall only inquire for you and feel your pulse.

TEMP. And you tell me that yourself?

LAY B. Why not?

TEMP. (A shrewd brother.) Has your cloister more the like?

LAY B. I do not know. I must obey, dear Sir.

TEMP. And you obey without much cavilling?

LAY B. Dear Sir! Would it be otherwise obedience?

TEMP. That simplicity proves itself always in the right. You may communicate to me who likes to know me thoroughly. I will swear to it, that it is not yourself.

LAY B. Is it becoming me? And what profit is it to me?

TEMP. Whom is it now becoming and whom is it profiting to be so inquisitive? Whom?

LAY B. I must think the Patriarch; for he sent me after you.

TEMP. The Patriarch? Knows he not better the red cross upon the white cloak?

LAY B. Even I know that.

TEMP. Well brother? well!—I am a Templar and a prisoner.—I have to add, I was captured near Tebnin, a castle which we tried to scale in the last hour of truce, in order to attack the city of Sidon, and now I must remark, that twenty of us were made prisoners; but I alone was pardoned by Saladin. The Patriarch is now informed of all, that he needs to know. And still more than he needs.

LAY B. But hardly more than he knows already. He likes to know why, sir, you have been pardoned by Saladin, you all alone?

TEMP. Do I know it myself?—Having uncovered my neck I knelt upon my cloak to

receive the blow. But when Saladin fixed his eyes closer upon me, he rushed towards me and beckoned. They lifted me up. I am unshackled. I will thank him, and I see his eyes filled with tears. He is silent and so am I. He is going and I remain. How all this is connected the patriarch shall decipher to himself.

LAY B. He infers from this, that God has reserved you for great, very great undertakings.

TEMP. Great indeed! For saving a Jew's girl from a house on fire, and leading inquisitive pilgrims up the mount of Sinai, and the like.

LAY B. They will still come to pass! In the meanwhile this is not so bad. Perhaps has the patriarch himself some more important affairs for you, sir!

TEMP. Indeed? Do you think so, brother? Has he intimated you already something of that?

LAY B. Ay, certainly! But, sir, I shall first sound you whether you are the man.

TEMP. Well! Search out my intentions!

(I will see how this man fathoms my breast.)
Now, sir?

LAY B. The shortest way will be, that I tell you freely the wish of the patriarch.

TEMP. Well!

LAY B. Sir! He would like to despatch a little letter by you.

TEMP. By me? I am not a messenger. Were this a more glorious affair than to save a Jewish girl from a house on fire?

LAY B. It must be so! For, says the patriarch, this letter is of great importance to all Christianity. For the right delivery of this letter, says the patriarch, will God reward in heaven with an especial crown. And of this crown, says the Patriarch, is nobody more worthy than you, sir!

TEMP. Than I?

LAY B. For, says the patriarch, there is hardly any one more qualified than you to gain this crown.

TEMP. Than I?

LAY B. He, being free, can take a view here of the town. He understands how to attack and to protect a city. He can judge the best of the strength and weakness of the inner second wall which was built anew by Saladin, and can describe it plainly to the warriors of God, says the patriarch.

TEMP. Dear brother! If I could only know the contents of the letter.

LAY B. That—that I do not know correctly. The letter, is directed, however, to King Phillip. The patriarch, . . . I often wondered how a high saint who lives usually in heaven altogether, can condescend at the same time to become acquainted with all the things in this world. That must give him a great deal of bother and worry.

TEMP. Now then? The patriarch?—

LAY B. He knows very well and quite positively how and where, how strong and from what direction Saladin will begin his campaign in case that hostilities commence again.

TEMP. Does he know that?

LAY B. Yes, he wished to inform King Philip of all this, ~~that~~ he may be enabled to judge, whether the danger be so great to compel him to restore the truce with Saladin at any cost, which your order has already so bravely broken.

TEMP. What a patriarch! yes, that's so! The dear brave man does not want me for a common messenger; he wants me—for a spy. Dear brother, tell your patriarch, as far as you got acquainted with my character, that is not my affair. I must still consider myself as a prisoner, and the only mission of the Templar's is to fight with the sword and not to play spyism.

LAY B. I thought so.—I will not blame you for that.—Yet the best part of the affair comes now. The patriarch has also found out, how the fort is called and where it is situated on the mount of Lebanon, where an immense amount of money is hoarded, and by which the prudent father of the Saladin keeps the army, and defrays the expenses of all military preparations for the war. Saladin repairs to the fort upon solitary walks from time to time, and is hardly accompanied.—Do you understand?

TEMP. No, never.

LAY B. What would be easier than to take him prisoner, and—to despatch him? You shudder? Oh, a pious god fearing pair of Maronites offered to venture it, if only a brave man would lead them.

TEMP. And the patriarch has designated me for this brave man?

LAY B. He thinks, that King Phillip can offer the best aid to this from Ptolemais.

TEMP. Me? me, brother, me? Did you not hear or just now heard under what obligations I am to Saladin?

LAY B. Certainly, I did.

TEMP. And nevertheless?

LAY B. Yes, the patriarch thinks—this is all right; but God and the order . . .

TEMP. Don't alter anything! They command no knavish action!

LAY B. Surely not!—But the patriarch thinks a knavish action before man is not also a knavish action before God.

TEMP. I am indebted to Saladin for my life and I shall rob him of his life?

LAY B. Fy!—But Saladin, the patriarch thinks, remains always an enemy of Christendom, and cannot gain the right to be your friend.

TEMP. Friend? To whom I will not turn a traitor, an ungrateful villain?

LAY B. To be sure! The patriarch thinks, however, one is free from his obligation before God and man, if the service rendered to us was not done for our sake. And as it is said,—thinks the patriarch—that Saladin pardoned you; because he noticed in your looks and manners some resemblance of his brother. . . .

TEMP. Does the patriarch know also this, and yet?—Oh, were this certain! Oh, Saladin!—How? Nature has only formed one trait of me in the visage of your brother, and nothing shall correspond with it in my soul? Could I suppress all that answers this in order to please a patriarch?—Nature does not lie in such a way! Does God contradict himself thus in his

works?—Go, brother! Do not provoke me to anger!—Go! Go!

LAY B. I go and depart more cheerfully than I came. Sir, I beg your pardon. We cloister-people are in duty bound to obey our superior.

SCENE VI.—TEMPLAR and DAJA who watched him for a while at a distance, is approaching him.

DAJA. It seems to me, that the lay-brother did not leave him in the very best humor. But I must try to do my errand.

TEMP. That is capital!—Does the proverb lie that monk and woman and woman and monk are devil's claws? He is throwing me to-day from one into the other.

DAJA. What do I see? You, noble knight? Thank God! Thousand thanks be to God! Where have you been all the time? You have not been sick, I hope?

TEMP. No!

DAJA. You have been well?

TEMP. Yes.

DAJA. Indeed ! We have been very anxious about you.

TEMP. So ?

DAJA. You have surely been travelling.

TEMP. You hit it right.

DAJA. And returned just to-day ?

TEMP. No, yesterday !

DAJA. Recha's father arrived also to-day, and now Recha may hope.

TEMP. For what ?

DAJA. For that she had so often requested you. Her father will also invite you instantly. He came from Babylon with twenty laden camels carrying the most valuable of fine spices, precious stones, and stuffs that can be found in India, Persia, Syria, and even in Sina.

TEMP. I shall buy nothing.

DAJA. His people honor him like a prince. But I wondered often at their calling him the wise and not rather the rich Nathan.

TEMP. To his people, perhaps, rich and wise is the same.

DAJA. But above all they should call him the good ; for you have no idea, how good he is. When he learned how much Recha is indebted to you, what would not he have done all for you, and given to you in that moment !

TEMP. Ah !

DAJA. Try him ! come and see !

TEMP. What ? How quickly is one moment passed ?

DAJA. Would I have been pleased to stay so long with him, had not he been good ? Do you think I am not impressed with the value of being a Christian ? I have never dreamt of such a thing, that I shall therefore follow my husband to Palestine, in order to educate there a Jewish girl. My dear husband was a noble squire in the army of the Emperor Frederic—

TEMP. A native of Switzerland, who had the honor and favor to be drowned with the Imperial Majesty in the same river.—Woman !

How many times did you tell me that? Do not you cease to pursue me?

DAJA. Pursue, good God!

TEMP. Yes, yes, pursue. I do not want to see nor to hear of you any more! I will not be reminded always of a deed I did without any reflection, and when I am thinking upon it, it becomes an enigma to me. Indeed, I would not like to regret it. But look here, would such an accident happen again, you are the cause if I do not act so promptly, and if I would first inquire, and let burn, what is on fire.

DAJA. God forbid!

TEMP. Do me at least the favor not to know me any more from now. I entreat this of you. Let me also not be troubled with her father. A Jew is a Jew. I am a simple Swabian. The girl's image vanished from my soul long ago, if it ever was there.

DAJA. But your's is not gone from her's.

TEMP. And to what purpose shall it be there? What good of it?

DAJA. Who can tell. Men are not always as they appear to be.

TEMP. But seldom something better. (Exit.)

DAJA. Wait! What is your hurry?

TEMP. (When walking off) Woman! Do not render the palm-trees odious to me, under which I usually like to walk.

DAJA. Go then, you German bear! Well go! And nevertheless I must not lose scent of the beast.

(She follows him at a distance.)

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—*Scenery—Private apartments in the Sultan's palace.—SALADIN and SITTAH playing a game of chess.*

SIT. Where are you, Saladin? how do you play to-day?

SAL. Not well? But I should think I do.

SIT. For me; and hardly so. Put it in the same square again.

SAL. Why so?

SIT. The Knight is unguarded.

SAL. That is really so. Well then!

SIT. Then shall I go to forks?—

SAL. True again.—Then check!

SIT. What shall you get by it? I put a piece before, and you are in no better situation.

SAL. I perceive very well, it is impossible to come out of this embarrassment without penalty. Well, let it be so! Take my knight.

SIT. I want him not, I pass.

SAL. You do not give me anything. You care more for this place than for the knight.

SIT. May be so.

SAL. Reckon not, however, without your lost; for look here, I lay a bet, you did not imagine it?

SIT. Certainly not. How could I expect, that you are tired of your queen?

SAL. I of my queen?

SIT. I see now, I shall win to-day my thousand Dinarians and not a Nasaras more.

SAL. How so?

SIT. Do not question it!—Because you are constant in your exertion to lose the game. But this is of no use to me; for besides that, such a play is not very amusing. Did not I win always the most from you, when I have lost? When after having lost my game did

not you give me back a double stake to comfort me ?

SAL. Ah ! Look here, dear sister ! Have you purposely lost, whenever you did ?

SIT. Your generosity at least, my dear brother, may be the cause, that I did not learn to play better.

SAL. We deviate from our play. Finish it !

SIT. Does it remain so ? Well then ! Check ! and double check !

SAL. Indeed ! I did not see this double check, that my queen throws me down at the same time.

SIT. Can it be changed for the better ? Let me see.

SAL. No, no ; take the queen. I was never lucky with this piece.

SIT. Only with this ?

SAL. Away with it !—This does not harm me ; for all is guarded again.

SIT. My brother taught me too well how courteous one must be to the Queen. ✕

(She lets her stand.)

SAL. Take her or not! I have none any more.

SIT. To what purpose shall I take her? check!—check!

SAL. Go ahead!

SIT. Check!—and check—and check!

SAL. And mate!

SIT. Not quite. You may move the knight between them, or whatever you may do, it is all the same to me!

SAL. All right!—You have won, and Al Hafi shall pay you. Let Al Hafi be sent for immediately. You were not so very wrong, that my thoughts were not at the play. I was inattentive. And then who gives us always the plain pieces which do not remind us of anything nor signify something? Did I play with the Iman? But what? Loss wants a pretext, Sittah, not the unformed pieces made me lose but your ingenuity, your considerate and rapid survey. . . .

SIT. Thus you will blunt the prick of the loss. Enough, you were subject to an absence of mind more than I.

SAL. Than you? What could have distracted your mind?

SIR. Your inattention surely not! Oh, Saladin! When shall we play so steadyag ain?

SAL. We shall play then the more eagerly! Ah! Because there will be war again, you mean? Well, be it so! On! On! I did not begin. I would have gladly extended the truce anew, and I would have very gladly given my Sittah a good husband too. And that must be Richard's brother. Yes, he is Richard's brother.

SIR. When you can only praise up your Richard!

SAL. If Richard's sister had married then our brother Melek, ah, what a house! Ah, it would have been the best of the first and best houses in the world! You hear now, that I am not lazy in praising also myself. I consider myself worthy of my friends. From such a house would have descended men.

SIR. Did not I laugh instantly at the beautiful dream? You do not know, and you will not know the Christians. Their pride is

to be Christians, not men. For even that, which seasons superstition with humanity as established by their founder, they love, not because it is humane ; but because Christ taught it ; because Christ practised it. Happy for them, that he was such a good man ! Happy for them that they do believe his virtue on the word !--But what virtue ? Not his virtue, but his name shall be promulgated everywhere, shall degrade the names of all good men, and devour them. They have nothing in view but their name, their name.

SAL. Why else do you think, should they demand, that you and Melek shall be called Christians before you can love a Christian consort ?

SIT. Yes, indeed ! As if we had to expect love only from Christians, as Christians, with which the Creator endowed man and wife.

SAL. The Christians believe in more paltry things as that they should not believe also in this. And yet you are mistaken. The Templars and not the Christians are to blame, and they are not to blame as Christians, but as Templars. On account of them alone the whole

affair will come to nothing. They will not positively give up Acca, of which a dower has to be made by Richard's sister to our brother Melek. That the advantage of the Knight shall not be in hazard, they play the monk, the foolish monk. And that perhaps they would succeed, if they make a good movement in a hurry, they could hardly await the time when the term of truce expires. Let us be merry! Come on! you gentlemen! Come on! I consent to every thing! If besides this all would only be as it must.

SIT. Now, what else is it that could alarm you? What else could unsettle your mind?

SAL. All that ever put me out of countenance. I was by our father at Libanon. He will succumb under anxiety. . . .

SIT. Oh, dear!

SAL. He cannot get through. He is in great straits, and it is wanting here and there——

SIT. What is the difficulty? What is wanting?

SAL. What else but which I do not con-

sider worthy of mentioning? It is that which seems to me superfluous when I have it; but when not, highly necessary. Where is Al Hafi? Was not any body sent for him? This baleful accursed money!—It is well, Hafi, that you are coming.

SCENE II —DERVISE AL HAFI, SALADIN AND SITTAH.

AL H. The money from Egypt has probably arrived. I wish it would be only a great deal.

SAL. Have you intelligence of it?

AL H. I have not. I think, I shall receive it here.

SAL. Pay Sittah one thousand Dinars.

(Walking thoughtfully up and down.)

AL H. Pay instead of receive! Oh, that's beautiful! That is for something much less than nothing. Pay to Sittah? And again to Sittah? And lost? Lost again at chess? There stands yet the game!

SIT. Do you grudge me my good fortune?

AL H. (examining the game) What, grudge?
--If--You know it very well.

SIT. (motioning to him.) Hush, Hafi, hush!

AL H. (still considering the game.) First be pleased with it yourself!

SIT. Al Hafi, hush!

AL H. (to Sittah.) The white ones were yours. Did you give check?

SIT. It is well, that he heard nothing.

AL H. Is it not his turn to move?

SIT. (approaching him.) Say then, that I can receive my money.

AL H. (his eyes still fixed upon the game.) Well, yes, you shall receive it as you always did.

SIT. How? Are you crazy?

AL H. The game is not yet played out. You have not lost, Saladin.

SAL. (hardly listening.) Nevertheless! Nevertheless! Pay! pay!

AL H. Pay! Pay! yes, there stands your queen.

SAL. (still so.) That does not count, belongs not any more to the play!

SIT. Well, say, that I may send for the money.

AL H. (still in deep musing on the game.) Of course, as usual. Although the queen does not count anything; you are, nevertheless, not checkmated.

SAL. (going nearer and overturns the game.) I am, and will be so.

AL. H. Well so! Winning is like the game! As it was won, so will it be paid.

SAL. (to Sittah.) What says he? what?

SIT. (motioning to Hafi from time to time.) You know him well. He likes to bristle up; looks for entreaty, is sometimes a little jealous.

AL H. May be! May be!—I had rather myself her wits. Were rather myself as good as she.

SIT. He paid, however, always promptly, and

will do so to-day. Let him alone! Go, Al Hafi, go. I will take care to send for the money.

AL H. I will not join in this mummary any longer. He must be apprized of it.

SAL. Who? and what?

SIT. Al Hafi, is this your promise? Do you keep so your word?

AL H. How could I imagine, that you would let it come as far as that?

SAL. Well? Do you not let me know any thing of it?

SIT. I pray, Al Hafi, be discreet.

SAL. That is curious! What can Sittah beg so ardently and solemnly of a stranger, of a Dervise to be excused from doing it rather than of me, her affectionate brother? Al Hafi, I command you now. Speak, Dervise!

SIT. Dear brother, let a trifle not affect you more than it is worth. You know, I won of you the same sum in chess several times. And as I do not need the money at present, and as it

is not so plenty in Hafi's treasury, the items may remain there. But do not be afraid! I will neither make a present with them to you, my dear brother, nor to Hafi, nor to the treasury.

AL H. Yes, if it would be only that! that!

SIT. And more too. The annuity you settled once on me, remained also there since a few months.

AL H. This is not all.

SAL. Not all?—Will you tell?

AL H. Since we expect the money from Egypt has she. . . .

SIT. (to Saladin.) Why do you hear him?

AL H. Not only received nothing. . . .

SAL. Good girl! Even advanced me some money besides. Is it not so?

AL H. Supported the whole court; supplied all alone your sumptuousness.

SAL. Ah! this, this is my sister! (embracing her.)

SIT. My brother, who would have made me so rich as you did in order to be able to do this?

AL H. Will soon make you as beggarly as he is himself.

SAL. I poor? the brother poor? When had I more? when less? *One* coat, *one* sword, *one* horse and *one* God! What need I more? When can I be wanting of them? And yet I could scold at you.

SIT. Do not, my brother! Could I but relieve so our father from his sorrows!—

SAL. Oh! Oh! You have now cast down at once my alacrity again. I, for myself, am not and cannot be in want of anything. But he, he is wanting, and with him we all.—Say, what shall I do? It may be, it will not come from Egypt for a long time! God knows where it sticks. It is still there—every thing in order, I will consent now to allow some abatement, retrench much the expenses, and to spare all that concerns myself. If only I and nobody else would suffer in it.—But what would this amount to? *One* horse, *one* coat and *one*

sword I must have after all, and my God cannot be beaten down of anything. He is already satisfied with little enough ; with my heart. I have reckoned very much upon the surplus in your treasury, Al Hafi !

AL H. Surplus ? Say yourself, whether you would not let me be empaled, or at least strangled, if you had found me to have any surplus. I could rather venture to be guilty of embezzlement.

SAL. Well, but what shall be done ? Could not you borrow from any one else but from Sittah ?

SIT. Brother, had I allowed to him to deprive me of this prerogative ? Me by him ? Even now I insist upon. I am not yet drained altogether.

SAL. Not altogether ! That would be awful !—Hafi, go immediately, make arrangements for borrowing money from whom you can, and in any manner you can ! Go, borrow, promise ! But, Hafi, do not borrow from those, whom I have made rich. For borrowing from these might be called demanding my gifts back again.

Go, to the greatest misers ; for they would like it best to lend me ; because they would know very well, that their money will be displayed in my hands to the best advantage.

AL H. I do not know any of them.

SIR. Hafi ! Just now I recollect of having heard, that your friend returned home.

AL H. (perplexed.) Friend ? My friend ? Who is this ?

SIR. Your highly praised Jew.

AL H. A highly praised Jew ? and by me ?

SIR. Whom God—I remember very well the expression you once used concerning him—whom God has given in a high degree the greatest and smallest of all earthly treasures.

AL H. Did I say so ? What did I mean by it ?

SIR. The smallest : wealth, and the greatest : wisdom.

AL H. How ? of a Jew ? Did I say so respecting a Jew ?

SIR. Did you not say so of your Nathan ?

AL H. Oh, yes ! Of him ! of Nathan ! I did not think of him at all.—Indeed ? Has he finally returned home ? Eh, it may not stand so very badly with him. True, they called him once the wise and also the rich.

SIR. Now they call him the rich more than ever. The whole city rings with the report what valuable things and treasures he brought along with him.

AL H. Being now the rich again, he will also be the wise again.

SIR. What do you think, Hafi, if you would apply to him ?

AL H. What will you have me ask of him ? for money ? There you know him.—He shall trust ! That is just his wisdom, that he trusts nobody.

SIR. You have portrayed to me his character quite otherwise at another time.

AL H. In case of need he will lend you some merchandise ; but money, money ? money never.

Besides he is certainly a Jew as there are not many Jews.. He has pluck ; he knows life and plays chess very well. But he distinguishes himself above all the other Jews in evil as well as in good. Do not reckon upon him. He gives to the poor, and perhaps as well as Saladin. If not quite as much, yet even so heartily, and even so without distinction, Jew and Christian, and Mussulman and Parsee, is all the same to him.

SIR. And such a man

SAL. How does it come that I never heard of that man ?

SIR. Should he not lend Saladin ? Not Saladin who needs it only for others and not for himself ?

AL H. There the Jew shows himself again, the very common Jew ! Believe me sir ! So envious he is of giving charity, so jealous is he, that he likes to monopolize the thanks given : " God reward you for it," whenever it is said in this world. Therefore he does not lend any body, that he shall always be able to give And as charity and not courtesy is commanded

to him in the holy law, liberality causes him to be the most disobliging fellow in the world. Though for a long time I am at variance with him; think not therefore I would not do him justice. He is fit for anything, but not for that; certainly, not for that. I will go immediately and knock at other doors. I recollect jast of a Moor who being rich and avaricious.—I go, I go.

SIT. What is your hurry, Hafi?

SAL. Let him alone! Let him go!

SCENE III.—SITTAH—SALADIN.

SIT. He hasted away as if he would like to get out of my sight! What means it? Was he deceived in him or——does he wish to deceive us?

SAL. How? You ask me that? I hardly know of whom you were speaking. I hear of your Jew, your Nathan the first time to-day.

SIT. Is it possible, that a man remained hidden from you of whom they say, he explored

the sepulchres of David and Solomon, and by a powerful magic word understands to open their seals? From there he brings then to light from time to time an immense wealth which betrays no smaller source.

SAL. If this man has obtained his riches from sepulchres, then these are surely not the graves of Solomon and David. Fools were buried there.

SIT. Or miscreants!—His source of wealth is by far richer and more inexhaustible than such a grave full of mammon.

SAL. For he is a merchant, as I understand.

SIT. His sumpter mule is urged upon all highways through all the deserts. His vessels lie at anchor in all ports. This Al Hafi told me himself, adding rapturously, how good and noble this his friend, uses all that he does not consider too mean to gain so sagaciously and so diligently, remarking how free his spirit is from all prejudices, his heart open to every virtue, and how it agrees with every beauty.

SAL. But Hafi spoke of him now so doubtfully and indifferently.

SIR. Indeed ! not indifferently ! He was embarrassed. He thought it dangerous to praise him, and yet he would not find fault with his conduct undeservedly. How ? or is it indeed so, that even the best of his people cannot escape the infirmities of his nation altogether ? That Al Hafi ought certainly to be ashamed about this side of his friend ? Be it as it may !—The Jew be more or less so. He being rich and a Jew, that is enough for us.

SAL. Yet you would not take his own by force, sister ?

SIR. Well, what do you call by force ? Fire and sword ? No ! no ! What needs any force against the weak, but their own weakness ? Come now with me in my harem to hear a songstress that I bought but yesterday. In the meantime, perhaps a plan will ripen in me which I will practise on Nathan.—Come !

SCENE IV.—*Scenery :—Before the house of NATHAN, which stands near the palm trees.—RECHA and NATHAN coming out.—To them, DAJA.*

RECH. You have tarried too long, my father,
He is hardly to be met with anymore.

NAT. Well, well! If not here, here under
the palm-trees anymore, yet somewhere else.
Be only easy now! See there! Is that not Daja
approaching us?

RECH. She has surely lost him.

NAT. I do not think so.

RECH. Else she would walk a little faster.

NAT. She has probably not seen us yet. . .

RECH. Now she sees us.

NAT. And she approaches with double quick
steps. See!—Be only tranquil! tranquil!

RECH. Would you want a daughter that
remains here tranquil? Being unconcerned for
one whose charitable gift is her life? A life
that is only so dear to her; because she is
owing it to you first.

NAT. I might not have you otherwise than

you are, even if I would know, that some other thing is stirred up within your soul.

RECH. What my father ?

NAT. You ask me ? Ask me so timidly ? What ever is going on in your heart is nature and innocence. Be not alarmed about that. It does not trouble me. But promise me, if your heart should once explain itself louder, that you will not conceal from me any one of its desires.

RECH. The idea of the possibility to disguise my heart before you makes me tremble.

NAT. Speak not anymore of it ! It is done once for all !—There is Daja.—Well ?

DAJA. He is still walking under the palm-trees. He will come directly around that wall.—See, here he comes.

RECH. Ah ! He seems to be undecided whither ? Whether to go on or back, to right or left ?

DAJA. No, no ! He will surely go still frequently around the cloister and then he has to pass by here.—How much will you bet ?

RECH. All right ! all right !—Have you spoken with him already ? And how is he to-day ?

DAJA. As usual.

NAT. Take heed, that he may not perceive you here. Step further back. Go rather in entirely.

RECH. But one glimpse more ! Ah, the hedge is robbing me of him !

DAJA. Come ! Come ! Papa is perfectly right. You run the risk, that if he sees you, he will turn back on the spot.

RECH. Ah, the hedge !

NAT. And if he comes suddenly out of the hedge there, he cannot otherwise but surely see you. Therefore step back !

DAJA. Come ! Come ! I know a window, where we can observe them.

RECH. Yes ? (both going into the house.)

SCENE V.—NATHAN and soon after him the TEMPLAR.

NAT. I am nearly afraid of this eccentric

man. His harsh virtue almost startles me. That one man should be able to perplex thus his fellow man!—Well! Here! He comes.—By God! A youth like a man. I like this good, bold look, this noble walk. The shell only can be bitter; but the kernel surely not.—Where did I see the like?—Excuse me, noble Frank

TEMP. What?

NAT. Permit me

TEMP. What, Jew? what?

NAT. That I venture to address you.

TEMP. Can I hinder it? But be short.

NAT. Excuse me, do not hasten by so proudly and so disdainfully, a man whom you have obliged to you forever.

TEMP. How so? Oh, I almost guess it now. Is it not so? You are

NAT. My name is Nathan. I am the father of the girl whom your magnanimity saved from the fire, and I am coming

TEMP. If it is to thank me, spare your words!

I had already to sustain too much thanks for such a trifle.—Especially you, you are not at all under any obligations to me. Did I know then, that the girl was your daughter? It is the duty of the Templars to succor the first the best whom they see in distress. Besides this my life was very burdensome to me in that moment. I took gladly, very gladly the opportunity to risk it for another life—even if it were only the life of a Jewess.

NAT. Great! great and abominable. But your motive can be imagined! The modest greatness shelter itself behind abhorrence to avoid admiration. But if it despises so the sacrifice of admiration, what sacrifice would it less despise? Knight, were you not a stranger and a prisoner here, I would not ask you so boldly. Say, command in what can I serve you?

TEMP. You? In nothing.

NAT. I am a rich man.

TEMP. I never considered the richer Jew the better.

NAT. Dare you therefore not use the better

he is possessed of? Dare you not derive any advantage from his wealth ?

TEMP. Well, I will not refuse that entirely ; not on account of my cloak. When this will be worn out so that neither stitch nor a patch hold any longer, I will come and borrow from you cloth or money for a new one. Look not at once so gloomy. You may feel secure ! It has not yet come so far as that with it. You see, it is still in a tolerable good condition. This corner only has there a soiled spot ; it is singed. And it became so when I carried your daughter through the fire.

NAT. (taking hold of the corner of the cloak and looking at it.) It is strange, however, that such a spot, such a burning mark bear a more favorable testimony to this man than his own mouth. I like to kiss the spot at once ! Oh, excuse, I did not do it intentionally !

TEMP. What ?

NAT. I dropped a tear upon it.

TEMP. No matter ! It has more of such drops. (But this Jew begins to confound me now.)

NAT. Will you be so kind as to send this cloak to my daughter ?

TEMP. To what purpose ?

NAT. To press her mouth upon this spot also ; because she is wishing in vain to embrace your knees themselves.

TEMP. But, Jew—you are called Nathan ? But Nathan—you compose your words very good—very pointed—I am perplexed.—Certainly, I had

NAT. You may be pretending and dissembling as much as you want, I find you out here also. You were too good, too brave in order to be more polite. The girl all sensation ; the female messenger all officiousness ; the father far away from home.—You watched over her good name, spared her the trial, and you have fled not to conquer. For that I thank you also.—

TEMP. I must acknowledge, you know how Templars ought to think.

NAT. Only Templars ? They merely ought ? And this is because the rules of the order

demand it so? I know how good men think, know, that all countries contain good men.

TEMP. With some difference, I hope.

NAT. To be sure! They differ in regard to color, clothes and form.

TEMP. And as to this, sometimes more and sometimes less here than there.

NAT. That difference is not worth much. The great man needs everywhere much soil. And several, too near planted, shatter each other like trees, their branches. Middling people; like we are, we find everywhere in great numbers. But the one must not find fault with the other, and the knot must learn to tolerate the snag. The little peak must not boast, that it were the only one which sprung not from earth.

TEMP. It is very well said.—But do you know the people, that made the first censure on human nature? Do you know Nathan, what people were the first that called themselves the chosen people? How, although I do not hate these people, if I could, nevertheless, not forbear despising them, on account of their pride which they bequeathed to Mussulman and

Christian that only their God must be the true God? You are startled at my speaking so as a Christian and a Templar? When and where did the pious madness of having the better God and of pressing him as best upon the whole world show itself more in the darkest form than it does at present here? He, whom here and now the bandage does not fall from his eyes, . . . But be blind, who will!—Forget what I said, and let me alone. (Being about to go.)

NAT. You do not know, how much stronger I am attached to you. Come, we must, must be friends! Despise my people as much as you please. Neither of us both has chosen his people. Are we our people? What does the word people mean? Are Christian and Jew rather Christian and Jew than they were men? Oh, may I have found in you another who is satisfied to be called a man!

TEMP. Yes, by God! this you have Nathan! This you have!—Your hand!—I am ashamed of having mistaken you for a moment.

NAT. I am proud of it! They mistake only the mean very seldom!

TEMP. And the uncommon is hardly forgotten.—Yes, Nathan! we must, must become friends.

NAT. We are this already.—How will my Recha rejoice! Ah, what a cheerful future opens before my eyes!—Know her only!

TEMP. I am inflamed with desire.—Who is rushing there out of your house? Is it not her, Daja?

NAT. Indeed! But why so anxiously?

TEMP. Nothing befell our Recha, I hope?

SCENE VI.—*The Former.*—DAJA *in haste.*

DAJA. Nathan! Nathan!

NAT. What?

DAJA. Excuse noble Knight, that I must interrupt you.

NAT. Well, what is it?

DAJA. The Sultan has sent for you. The Sultan wants to see you, God! The Sultan.

NAT. Me? The Sultan? He probably desires to see what new goods I have brought. Tell that little or nothing at all has been yet unpacked.

DAJA. No, no; he will not see anything. He wants to speak with you personally as soon as possible.

NAT. I will come. Go home, go!

DAJA. Take it not amiss, your worship.—O, God, we are very perplexed about that which the Sultan wants.

NAT. That will soon show itself! Go, now, go!

SCENE VII.—NATHAN *and the* TEMPLAR.

TEMP. Do you not know him yet? I mean in person?

NAT. Saladin? not yet. I did not avoid of seeing him nor did I endeavor to get acquainted with him. The general reputation spoke by far too favorable of him, that I should not rather believe than perceive myself. But now

—provided it be so—has he by saving your life.

TEMP. Yes! It is certainly so. The life that I have is his gift.

NAT. By which he made me a present of a double and three-fold life. This has changed everything between us and enchained me at once to his service forever. I can hardly wait for his first command. I am ready for everything and I am prepared to confess to him, that I am so for your sake.

TEMP. I could not thank him yet, although I got often in his way. The impression I made on him came as suddenly as it vanished. Who knows whether he recollects me. And nevertheless, he must at least once more remember me, in order to decide fully my fate. It is not enough, that I still exist by his command and live by his will; but I must wait to learn from him whose will shall control my life.

NAT. No otherwise! The more so I will not tarry. There will be dropped a word perhaps, that affords me an opportunity to speak of you. Allow, excuse me—I am in great haste! But when shall we see you in our house?

TEMP. As soon as I am permitted.

NAT. As soon as you want.

TEMP. To-day, then.

NAT. And your name?—if you please.

TEMP. My name was—is Curd von Stauffen
—Curd!

NAT. Von Stauffen?—Stauffen?—Stauffen?

TEMP. Why does the name surprise you so much?

NAT. Von Stauffen? There have already
been several of this family.

TEMP. Oh, yes! Several of this family were
here and moulder already here in the grave.
Even my uncle,—I mean to say my father.—
But why do you look so piercingly at me more
and more?

NAT. Oh, nothing! nothing! How can I
get tired to gaze at you?

TEMP. Therefore I will leave you first. The
inquirer's look found not seldom more, than he
wished to find. Nathan I am afraid of it. Let

time make us acquainted by degrees and not curiosity. (Exit.)

NAT. (looking after him with astonishment.)
“The inquirer found not seldom more than he wished to find.” It is, however, as if he would be reading in my soul!—Indeed, this could also happen to me! He has not only Wolf’s waist and step; but also his voice. Exactly so threw Wolf up his head, so carried Wolf his sword in his arm, even so rubbed Wolf his eye-brows with his hands to conceal, as it were, the fire of his look.—How such deep imprinted pictures can sleep in us for sometime until a word or a sound awakens them! Von Stauffen! That is so! that’s so! Filneck and Stauffen!—I will soon learn this more accurately. Yes, immediately. Now first to Saladin.—But how? Is not Daja listening there! Come, come nearer, Daja.

SCENE VIII.—DAJA and NATHAN.

NAT. What is the matter? The hearts of you both are already anxious to learn something else than that which Saladin asks of me.

DAJA. Do you blame her for it? You have just commenced to talk with him more familiarly when the Sultan's message scared us away from the window.

NAT. Well, tell her, she may expect him every minute.

DAJA. Sure? Sure?

NAT. Can I certainly rely upon you, Daja? Stand upon your guard I pray you. You shall not regret it. Your conscience will find its account in it. But do not spoil anything of my plan. When you relate and ask, do it with discretion and reserve.

DAJA. Is it necessary that you shall still remind me of all this!—I am going, and you may go too. For see there is coming a second messenger from the Sultan. Al Hafi, your Dervise. (Exit.)

SCENE IX.—NATHAN and AL HAFI.

AL H. Halloo! I am just coming to see you again.

NAT. Is it so very pressing? What does he want from me?

AL H. Who?

NAT. Saladin—I am coming, I am coming.

AL H. To whom? To Saladin?

NAT. Are you not sent by Saladin?

AL H. I? No. Has he already sent for you?

NAT. Yes, certainly he did.

AL H. Now, it is true.

NAT. What? What is true?

AL H. That I am not to blame for it. God knows I am not guilty. What did I not say of you, and uttered falsehoods in order to avoid it!

NAT. What was to avoid? What is true?

AL H. That you became now his deftendar. I pity you. But I cannot stand it. I shall depart in this hour, I will go. You have already heard whither and you know the way. Have you any commissions on this road, tell

me, and I am at your service. It must be certainly not more than what a naked person can carry with him. I am going, say it immediately.

NAT. But consider it, Al Hafi consider, that I do not know yet anything. What are you talking about?

AL H. Do you bring the bags with you instantly?

NAT. Bags?

AL H. Well, the money, that you shall advance to Saladin.

NAT. And nothing else?

AL H. Shall I witness it, how he will daily excavate you from the top to the toe? Shall I bear it, that lavishness shall so long borrow and borrow from the never-empty store-houses of the wise liberality until even the indigenous mice must starve therein to death?—Do you imagine perhaps that he, who needs your money, he would also follow your advice? He the follower of an advice? When did Saladin

take advice from any one? Think Nathan, how he treated me just now.

NAT. Well!

AL H. I came to him, when he and his sister had been at chess. Sittah does not play badly and the game, that Saladin considered as lost and had already given up, stood there still untouched. I looked at it, and found, that this play was far from being lost.

NAT. Ah, this was a discovery for you!

AL H. He needed to move the king to the pawn against her check. If I could only show it you!

NAT. Oh, I trust to your word!

AL H. For thus the rook takes the field, and she was checkmated. I wanted to show him all this, I called him.—Think.

NAT. Was he not of your opinion?

AL H. He did not give heed to what I uttered, and threw disdainfully the whole play on one heap.

NAT. Is that possible?

AL H. And said : He will now be check-mated. He will ! Do you call that playing ?

NAT. Hardly ! It is indeed playing with the play.

AL H. Yet they did not play for a hollow nut !

NAT. Money is no object ! That is the least. But not to listen to you at all, not to mind what you said about a point of such importance, and not to admire your piercing and discerning eye, that cries out to heaven for vengeance. Is it not so ?

AL H. Eh, what ! I tell you only so that you may see what a strong-headed man he is. In short, I, I cannot deal with him any longer. There I run about to all the mean moors, asking who likes to lend him some money. I, who never begged for myself, shall now borrow for others. Borrowing is not much better than go-a-begging, as applying money on usury is not much better than stealing. I do not require both among my benefactors on the Ganges, and I need not be the tool of both. Only on the Ganges, on the Ganges there are men. You are

the only man here who is worthy of living also on the Ganges. Will you come with me? Leave at once the whole trumpery with him which is his only aim. He will deprive you of that by degrees after all. Thus you get rid then on a sudden of all vexation. I purchase you a delk.* Come! Come!

NAT. I should think, that will remain to us to do at any time. But Al Hafi, I will consider it. Wait.

AL H. Consider? No, such a thing need not be weighed in the mind.

NAT. Until only I shall return from the Sultan and I shall have first taken leave. . . .

AL H. He, who is considering, tries to find motives for not doing it. He who cannot make up his mind at once to live by himself, he lives forever a slave of others. Do as you please! Farewell! Do all, that suits your fancy. My way is there, and yours here.

NAT. You will probably settle first your accounts!

* A Dervise's garment.

AL H. Eh, what! the clear amount of the treasury is not worth counting it, and you or Sittah will answer for my account. Farewell! (Exit.)

NAT. (looking after him.) I guarantee that!—Wild, good, noble—how shall I call him? The true beggar is only and solely the true king. (Exit on another side.)

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—*Scenery* :—*A room in NATHAN'S house.* RECHA,
DAJA.

RECH. How, Daja, did father express himself? “I may expect him every moment?” This sounds—is it not so—as if he would appear very soon.—But how many moments passed by already! Oh well! Who would think of the past! I will only live in every next moment. There will be one coming, that brings him at last.

DAJA. Oh, that cursed message of the Sultan! Else Nathan would have brought him instantly with him.

RECH. And if this moment will have arrived; if this ardent and best of my wishes will be fulfilled what then?—what then?

DAJA. What then? Then I will hope, that my warmest wish will also be fulfilled.

RECH. What shall in its place enter then my breast that has already forgotten to become wide without a prevailing wish?—Nothing? Oh, I am frightened!

DAJA. My wish shall then take the place of that which was fulfilled. My desire, that you may be in Europe in the hands of one worthy of you.

RECH. You are mistaken.—That which causes this within you the same prohibits me of ever entertaining it. Your fatherland has some attractions for you, and mine shall not have any for me? The picture of your relations that is not quite extinguished in your soul shall have more power than that of mine whom I see, lay hold of and hear?

DAJA. Resist as much as you please! The ways of heaven are the ways of heaven. If he were now your deliverer by whom his God, for whom he is fighting, would lead you into the land and to the people for whom you were born?

RECH. What are you talking again, dear Daja! Indeed! You have your curious notions! His, his God? for whom he is fighting! Who does own God? What is that for a God who is possessed of a man? Who needs some one to fight for him? How does any one know for what mass of earth he was born, if not for that upon which he has been born?—If my father would hear you talking so! What has he done to you, that you impose on me a fortune by allusion as far away from him as possible? What has he done to you, that you like to mix the seeds of reason which he has strewn so pure in my soul with the weeds or flowers of your country? Dear Daja, he does not want your gay flowers upon my soil! And I must tell you, I feel it myself, that my soil is weakened and exhausted by your flowers even though they would become her ever so nicely. Their fragrancy, their sour-sweet scent makes me quite bewildered and dazzling!—Your brains are more used to it. I do not blame you for your stronger nerves, that you can endure it. But it does not suit me. And in regard to your angel, was I not very near becoming a fool through him? I feel still ashamed of that farce before my father!

DAJA. Farce!—As if the reason were only here at home! Farce! Farce! If I dare only speak!

RECH. Dare you not? When was I not all ears if you was ever pleased to converse with me on your defenders of the faith? Did not I always admire their deeds and shed tears for their sufferings? Their belief did certainly never appear to me the most heroic in them. But the more consoling is the doctrine, that the devotion to God depends not at all on that which we think of God.—Dear Daja, my father told us this very often, and you have frequently agreed with him about it. Why do you undermine yourself what you have built up with him together? Dear Daja, this is not the best conversation at present, when we are looking towards our friend. For me it is, indeed! Because it is of great importance to me, whether he also . . . ! Hark Daja!—Is not any one approaching our door? Oh, if it were he! Hark!

SCENE II.—RECHA, DAJA and the TEMPLAR for whom some one opens the door on the outside with the words: *Walk in here!*

RECH. (starting back, but collecting herself intending to fall at his feet.) It is he!—My deliverer, Oh!

TEMP. To avoid that I have appeared so late! and yet—

RECH. At the feet of this proud man I will once more thank God, and not the man. The man wants no thanks. Wishing it quite as little as the bucket does, that busied in extinguishing the fire. It let fill and empty itself easily. Exactly so is the man. He was also driven into the fire. There I fell by chance into his arms and remained there by chance like a spark upon his cloak until I do not know what, has thrown us both out of the fire.—What is there to thank for?—In Europe the wine instigates to quite other deeds. Templars must act in such a way, they have, as a little better; trained dogs, to carry the things out of the fire or water.

TEMP. (looking at her all the time with

amazement and uneasiness.) Oh, Daja, Daja! If my ill humor in moments of sorrow and bitterness has received you with harsh words, why did you apprize her of every folly my tongue has uttered? Daja, that is too affectedly resented! But if you would only henceforth represent me better to her.

DAJA. Knight, I do not believe these little thorns thrown at her heart did you much harm.

RECH. How? You were distressed? And you have been more sparing of your sorrow than of your life?

TEMP. Dear, sweet girl! How is my soul divided among ear and eye!—This was not the girl, no, no, this was not she, that I carried out of the fire. Because he, who had only known her, would he not have carried her out of the fire?—Who would have waited for me?—Indeed!—horror—disguises—(Pause during which he is absorbed in contemplation of her.)

RECH. But I find you still the same.—(In like manner until she continues to arouse him out of his astonishment.) Well, knight, please

tell us where you have been so long.—Dare I ask you where you are at present ?

TEMP. I am—perhaps where I ought not to be.—

RECH. Where you have been?—And where perhaps you ought not to have been ? That is not good.

TEMP. Upon—upon—what is the name of the mount ? upon Sinai.

RECH. Upon Sinai—O, beautiful ! Now I can finally learn whether it is true. . . .

TEMP. What ? What ? Whether it is true, that there is still to be seen the place where Moses stood before God, when

RECH. Well, I do not mean that. Because he was standing before God, wherever he stood. I became fully acquainted with that. I like only to hear whether it is true, that it is by far not so troublesome to ascend than to descend this mountain ? For look here ! all the mountains I have ever ascended, it was just to the contrary. Well knight ?—What ? You turn away from me ? You will not look at me ?

TEMP. Because I will the better hear you.

RECH. Because you will not let me know, that you smile at my simplicity, not to ask a more important question about the holiest mountain than that? Is it not so?

TEMP. I must now look again in your eyes.—What? Now, you cast them down? Now you chuckle? How I wish to read still in features, doubtful features, all that I hear so plainly, which you are distinctly telling me—or rather keep hidden from me?—Oh, Recha! Recha! How true is that which he said: “But know her first.”

RECH. Who told you that? of whom?

TEMP. But know her first, your father told me this about you.

DAJA. Did not I too? Did not I also?

TEMP. But where is he? Where is your father? Is he still at the Sultan's?

RECH. Undoubtedly!

TEMP. Yet, still there?—O what a forgetful

man I am ! No, no. He can hardly be there now. He surely awaits me down there near the cloister. Thus we agreed upon, I guess. Excuse ! I am going, I call him. . . .

DAJA. That is my business. Stay here, Knight, stay. I will bring him immediately.

TEMP. Not so, not so ! He is looking for me and not for you. And besides, he might Who knows ? might be brought by the Sultan you do not know the Sultan ! He might be brought into a scrape. Believe me, there is danger, if I do not go.

RECH. Danger ? What danger ?

TEMP. Danger to me, to you, to him, if I do not depart quickly. (Exit.)

SCENE III.—RECHA and DAJA.

RECH. Daja, what is that ?—So quick ?—what has befallen him ? What shocked him ? What has driven him ?

DAJA. Let it alone! I guess it is not a bad sign.

RECH. Sign? and of what?

DAJA. That something is going on within. It is boiling and shall not overboil. Let him alone! Now is your turn.

RECH. What does that mean? You become to me as inconceivable as he is.

DAJA. All anxiety he gave you, you can very soon retaliate on him. But do not be too severe and not too revengeful.

RECH. You may know best about what you are speaking.

DAJA. And are you quite composed again?

RECH. I am, indeed, I am.

DAJA. Confess at least, that you are rejoicing in his uneasiness, and you are indebted to it for your tranquility.

RECH. I am not aware of it at all! I can merely confess that it astonishes me, how such a tranquility could suddenly follow after such

a storm in my breast. His look, his conversation and manners have me. . . .

DAJA. Fully satisfied? •

RECH. Satisfied, I do not mean to say this ; no—far from that.

DAJA. Appeased merely the voracious appetite.

RECH. Well, yes, if you like it so.

DAJA. I do not, indeed.

RECH. He will always remain to me as dear and dearer still than my life, although my pulse does not change, and my heart beats not quicker and stronger any more at mere mentioning of his name. What do I blab? Come, dear Daja, let us go again to the window which faces the palm-trees.

DAJA. Your insatiable appetite is not yet appeased.

RECH. Now I shall see again the palm-trees, and not only him beneath them.

DAJA. This chill is now the beginning of a new fever.

RECH. What chill? I am not cold. I see certainly not with less pleasure that which I see with ease.

SCENE IV.—SALADIN *and* SITTAH.

SCENE.—*Presence chamber in the palace of SALADIN.*

SAL. (when entering speaks to some one without.) Bring the Jew hither, when he comes. It seems that he does not hurry himself.

SIT. He was probably not at hand, could not be found forthwith.

SAL. Sister! Sister!

SIT. You behave as if a battle were imminent.

SAL. And to fight there with arms which to handle I have never been drilled. I shall simulate, shall give orders, shall lay snares, shall lead on slippery ice. When could I do that? Where did I learn that? And oh, for what purpose shall all this be done? For what? To fish for money! money! And for the sake

of money shall I extort by frightening money from a Jew? Money! To such petty artifices shall I finally resort to procure me the smallest of all triflings?

SIR. Every trifle, too much despised, revenges itself, dear brother.

SAL. Alas, it is true! And if now this Jew is a good and intelligent man as the Dervise once described him to you?

SIR. Oh, well then! There is not much trouble! The snare is only laid for the avaricious, anxious and timorous Jew, but not for the good, not for the wise man. He is already ours without a snare. The pleasure to hear, how such a man would excuse himself, with what force he either boldly breaks short the cords, or with what skillful caution he will glide by the trap, this pleasure you will get to boot.

SAL. Well, that is true. Certainly, I am glad of it.

SIR. Thus nothing can embarrass you further. Because is he only one of the mass of the people, is he merely a Jew like any Jew. Will

you be ashamed at appearing to him as he thinks all men to be? Indeed! He who shows himself better, appears to him as a fool, a coxcomb.

SAL. Must I therefore act badly, that the wicked shall not think bad of me?

SIR. Surely! If you call bad acting when one uses everything according to its quality.

SAL. What was ever devised by a woman's head that it does not know to palliate!

SIR. To palliate!

SAL. I fear the fine pointed thing will break in my clumsy hand. Such an affair must be carried out, as it was contrived, with all craftiness and dexterity. Be it so, well and good! I am dancing as I can. And I would, I could rather worse than better.

SIR. Do not place too little confidence in yourself. I make myself responsible for you! If you only will.—Men of your rank like always to persuade us, that they raised themselves very much only by their sword. The lion is certainly ashamed when hunting with a fox, but only of the fox, not of the artifice.

SAL. And the women like to bring down the men to their own level! Go! go! I think I know my lesson!

SIT. What? Shall I go?

SAL. You do not like to stay?

SIT. If not to stay to be in your sight; yet there in the adjoining apartment.—

SAL. To listen there? Even not that, if I shall stand firmly.—Away! Go hence! The curtain rustles. He is coming! but do not stay there! I will look to it. (While she leaves by one door, Nathan is entering by another, and Saladin seats himself.)

SCENE V.—SALADAN *and* NATHAN.

SAL. Come nearer Jew! nearer!—Approach still nearer! Be without fear!

NAT. In that be your enemies!

SAL. You call yourself Nathan?

NAT. Yes.

SAL. The wise Nathan ?

NAT. No.

SAL. Well ! You may not call yourself so, but the people do.

NAT. May be the people !

SAL. Do you think, that I would regard the people's voice disdainfully ? I wished long ago to get acquainted with the man whom they call the wise.

NAT. And if they call him so out of mockery ? If the people understand by wise nothing else but smart, and consider only smart who has skill in seeking his own benefit ?

SAL. Do you mean his real benefit ?

NAT. Well, the most selfish were then the smartest. And certainly wise and smart were one and the same.

SAL. I hear you prove that, which you try to contradict. The real interests of man which the people do not know, are known to you. You endeavored at least to know them, you re-

flected on them, this alone makes one a wise man.

NAT. Every one thinks himself to be so.

SAL. Well! Enough now of modesty! Because it is disgusting at hearing it always when we expect plain reason. (Starts up.) Let us come to the subject! But, but be honest Jew, honest!

NAT. Sultan, I will surely serve you so, that I shall remain worthy of having your further custom!

SAL. Serve? How?

NAT. You shall have the best of all; you shall have it at the lowest rate.

SAL. What are you talking about? Surely not about your goods?—You can carry on a chaffering trade with my sister. (That for the eavesdropper!)—I have nothing to do with the merchant.

NAT. Then you wish undoubtedly to be informed, what I perceived on my way about the enemy who is stirring again? If I shall openly

.

SAL. Neither did I steer with you for that. I know already as much as I need.—In fine.—

NAT. Command, Sultan !

SAL. I wish your information about quite another thing, about quite another. As you are now so wise, tell me what belief and what law do you consider the most reasonable ?

NAT. Sultan, I am a Jew.

SAL. And I am a Mussulman. The Christian is between us. But of these three religions can only one be true. A man like you does not stop there where he was hurled by chance of birth, or if he remains he does it from conviction, arguments and choice of the better. Well ! tell me now your opinion. Let me hear your arguments, having not the time to enlighten myself upon them. Let me know your choice, of course in a confidential way, which was prompted by those reasons, that I make it mine. How ? You are startled ? You measure me attentively ? It may be, that I am the first Sultan who has such a whim which as it seems to me, is not unworthy of a Sultan altogether. Is it not so ? Speak, speak ! Or do you want

a moment for consideration? Well! you shall have it. (Whether she is listening I will watch her, I will hear whether I acted right.—) Think upon it! Consider it quickly! I will be back immediately. (He goes into the adjoining room where Sittah repaired to.)

SCENE VI.—NATHAN *alone*.

NAT. Hm! Hm!—It is strange!—How will it fare with me?—What is the Sultan's intention? I was prepared for money, and he asks for truth, for truth! And he wants it in ready cash and shining as if truth were a coin. Yes, if it were a very ancient coin that was weighed, this may be done very well, but such new coinage that a die stamps only its value and may be counted upon the table, that she is surely not. Can truth be taken into the head like one takes money by a promiscuous sweep and pockets it? Who is then here the Jew? I or he? But how? Should he ask the truth not in truth?—Indeed, the suspicion that he uses the truth only for a trap is too small! Too small? What is for the big man too small? Certainly!

Thus he speaks unceremoniously. When one comes as a friend, he knocks at the door and then listens. I must move cautiously! And how! how is that? To be an old fashioned Jew that will not do! Much less not to be a Jew at all; for if not a Jew, he might ask me why are you not a Mussulman? That was it! This can save me! We do not feed only children with a fine story. He is coming: well, let him come.

SCENE VII.—SALADIN *and* NATHAN.

SAL. (Here is the field now clear!) I do not return too soon for you? You are done with your consideration.—Well, speak then! Not a soul hears us!

NAT. I would like the whole world may hear us.

SAL. So sure is Nathan of his cause? Ah, that I call a wise man! To conceal never the truth! To set everything on stake for it! Body and soul! Wealth and life!

NAT. Yes! Yes! when necessary and useful.

SAL. From this time I may hope to bear justly one of my title's reformer of the world and of the law.

NAT. Indeed! a beautiful title! But, Sultan, before I unbosom myself to you, will you allow me to tell you a little story?—

SAL. Why not? I was always a lover of stories well told.

NAT. Yes, to tell a story well that is not my affair.

SAL. Are you again so proudly modest?—Go on! relate! relate!

NAT. In remote antiquity there lived a man in the east who was in possession of a ring of inestimable value that he had received from a beloved hand. Its stone was an opal that sparkled with a hundred beautiful colors, and had the mysterious power of rendering him agreeable to God and man, whosoever had worn it with such a confidence. What is wonderful about it that therefore the eastern man never took off the ring from his finger and made the arrangement of preserving it forever in his family? He did it in this way. He gave

the ring to the most beloved one among his sons, and established the rule, that he shall bequeath the ring again to such a one among his sons whom he liked best and this most beloved, without regard to his birth-time, and only on account of the possession of the ring shall ever become the head and the prince of the family.—Understand me, Sultan.

SAL. I understand you. Go on !

NAT. This ring was then inherited from son to son until finally to one who had three sons who were equally obedient to him and therefore could not forbear loving all three in like manner. But from time to time soon this one, soon that one and soon the third was considered by him to be worthy of the ring when every one was alone with him, and the other two did not participate in the overflowing love of his heart. He had also the pardonable weakness to promise it to each of them. So it went on for a long time. But when he was on the eve of death, the good father found himself in a great perplexity. It grieves him to offend two of his sons relying upon his word.—What is to be done?—He sends secretly for an artisan and

ordered him to make two rings by imitating his ring as a model, and told him expressly to spare neither expenses nor trouble to make them like his ring, precisely like that. The artisan succeeded in his work. When he brought the rings to him, even the father himself could not distinguish his pattern from others. Cheerful and happy he sends for each one of his sons separately gave each one his blessing—and his ring—and died.—Do you listen Sultan?

SAL. (who was confounded turned away from him.) I hear, I hear! Finish soon your story.—Will you?

NAT. I am done ; for all which follows now, that is a matter of course.—The father was scarcely dead, and each came with his ring and wanted to be the prince of the family. They investigated, quarreled and appealed to law. In vain ! the genuine ring could not be proved ; —(After a pause during which he was waiting for the Sultan's answer.) exactly, as the right faith is not demonstrable to us at present.

SAL. How ? Shall this be an answer to my question ?

NAT. It shall only serve me for an excuse if I do not venture to discern the rings which the father had expressly ordered to be made so similar, that they should not be distinguished.

SAL. The rings!—do not play with me!—I should think, that the religions I have mentioned are to be recognized apart. Even so far as concerning clothes, meat and drink!

NAT. But not in regard to their arguments. Because are not all based on history? Written or handed down orally?—And must not history be believed on the faith of another?—Not?—Now over which will we throw the least doubt? Surely over that of our fathers, whose blood we are? Who gave us from our infancy proofs of their attachment? Who never deceived us save when deceiving was more wholesome to us?—How can I believe less my father, than you do yours? Or vice versa. Can I ask of you to give your ancestors the lie in order not to contradict mine? Or reversed. The same may also be said of the Christians. Is it not so?

SAL. (By the everlasting! the man is right. I must remain silent.)

NAT. Let us return to the rings. As I have already said, the sons sued each other, and each swore to it before the Judge, that he had the ring directly from his father's hand—as it was true after having had his promise long before to enjoy at one time the privilege of the ring.—This was not less true!—The father, each one solemnly declared, could not have proved false to him ; and instead of allowing to conceive any suspicion of such a beloved father, he will rather accuse his brothers of foul play although he was always disposed to think the best of them ; and he will soon try to find out the traitors and take revenge on them.

SAL. Well, and the Judge ? I like to know, what you let the Judge say about it. Speak !

NAT. The Judge said : If you do not bring your father hither immediately I shall dismiss you from my tribunal. Do you think, that I am here to solve enigmas ? Or do you wait until the genuine ring will open its mouth ? But, hold ! I understand that the genuine ring possesses the wonderful power to render favorite, agreeable to God and men. This must decide ! Because the counterfeit rings could not produce

that.—Now who of you three is loved the best by two?—Go on, tell me? You are silent? They have only a retrocative power and no effect outwards. Every one loves himself the most. O, all three of you are deceived deceivers! None of your three rings are genuine. The real one is probably lost. To conceal and reimburse the loss, the father ordered that three be made instead of one.

SAL. Excellent! Excellent!

NAT. And thus the Judge continued, if you do not want my advice instead of my judgment, go then!—But my advice is this: You shall take the affair just as it is! Has each of you received his ring from his father, then shall every one of you firmly believe that his ring is genuine. It is possible, that the father did not like to suffer in his house the tyranny of the ring any longer! And certainly he loved you all three alike; because he did not want to oppress two in order to favor the cause of one. Well! Strive to equal him in his impartial love uncorrupted by prejudice! Try to outdo each other in bringing to light the power of the stone in his ring. Assist this power with

gentleness, hearty sociableness, beneficence and with fervent devotion to God. And if the powers of the stones are visible among the children of your children's children, I summon you in a thousand, thousand years to appear again before this chair. A wiser man than I will be seated on this chair, and speak. Go!—Thus said the modest judge.

SAL. God! God!

NAT. If you think yourself to be that promised, wiser man

SAL. (who is rushing upon him seizes his hand and does not relinquish his hold until the end.) I, dust? I, nothing? O, God!

MAT. What is the matter with you?

SAL. Nathan! Dear Nathan! The thousands of years of your judge are not over yet. The Judge's high seat is not mine.—Go!—Go! —But be my friend.

NAT. And has Saladin nothing to tell me besides that?

SAL. Nothing.

NAT. Nothing?

SAL. Nothing at all.—And why?

NAT. I would wish I had also an opportunity of making a request to you.

SAL. Needs a supplication an opportunity?—Speak!

NAT. I returned from a distant voyage on which I have collected some outstanding debts. I have now too much cash on hand. Times begin to look gloomy again and I do not know where I can invest it safely.—I thought then, whether you could use some perhaps; because as the approaching war demands always more money.

SAL. (staring at his eyes) Nathan! I will not ask you whether Al Hafi has seen you already, nor shall I investigate whether any suspicion induces you to make me spontaneously such an offer

NAT. Suspicion?

SAL. I deserve it.—Excuse me!—For what boots it? I must confess to you, that I was about

NAT. Not to look for the same in me, I hope?

SAL. Certainly!

NAT. Thus we are both relieved! But the cause, that I can not send you all my money in cash is the young Templar. You know him very well. I have first to pay to him a heavy sum.

SAL. Templar? Would you also assist with your money my worst enemies?

NAT. I speak but of him whose life you have spared

SAL. Oh, of what are you reminding me! I have forgotten this young man altogether! You know him? Where is he?

NAT. How? Do you not know how much I have shared in the grace which you have shown to him? He, in spite of the danger to lose his regained life saved my daughter from a house on fire.

SAL. He? Has he done that?—Ho! He had such looks! Indeed! my brother, whom

he resembles very much would have done the same. Is he here yet? bring him here. I have told my sister so much of her brother whom she did not know, that I must let her also see his likeness. Go, bring him! How out of one good action, although born by passion, flow nevertheless so many noble deeds! Go, bring him!

NAT. (while dropping Saladin's hand.) In a moment! And in regard to the other affair does it remain so? (Exit.)

SAL Oh, that I did not allow my sister to listen!—To her! to her! For how shall I relate now to her all this? (Exit on another side.)

SCENE VIII.—*Scenery—Under the palm-trees near to the cloister, where the TEMPLAR awaits NATHAN.*

TEMP. (walking up and down debating within himself until he broke out.) Here the weary victim keeps itself quiet.—Very well! I will not, will not know more closely what is going on within myself, will not get beforehand any

scent of that which will happen. Enough of it! I fled in vain! And I could do nothing else but to fly! Now come what may! To evade the blow was impossible; because it was given too quickly and then I hesitated long enough to be exposed to it. To see her whom to see I had but so little longing desire for, to see her, is a resolution never to lose sight of her again.—What resolution? resolution is purpose, action, and I, I was unresisting I permitted that. To see her and the feeling to be caught by her and woven into her life was one. Remains one. To live separated from her is incomprehensible to me altogether; would be my death and wheresoever we may be after death even there it were my death. If that is love, then the templar, fell in love, indeed! The Christian loves the Jewish girl.—Hm! What of that? I have already cast off many of my prejudices in the holy land, and therefore it is holy to me forever! What does the order require of me? I, the Templar, I am dead, and I have been so to it from the moment, that I was made Saladin's prisoner. The head, presented to me by Saladin, were my old one?—No! It is a new one, that knows nothing of

all that was talked into the other and was fastened upon it, and is much better and more adapted for the paternal heaven. Yes, I am sensible of it; for I begin to think with it just now exactly as my father must have thought, when here, in case they did not tell me stories about him. Stories? but very credible which never appeared to me to be more so than now, when I run the risk to stumble there where he fell. He fell? I will rather fall with men than stand with children.—His example secures me his approbation. And whose applause concerns me besides? Nathan's? O, I will be much less wanting of his encouragement that is more than approval.—What a Jew!—And who will only appear but a Jew! There he is coming; coming in haste glowing with joy. Who came ever otherwise from Saladin! Ho, ho there, Nathan!

SCENE IX.—NATHAN *and* TEMPLAR.

NAT. How? Is it you?

TEMP. You stayed very long at the Sultan's palace.

NAT. Well, not too long. I was detained too long while going there. O indeed, Curd ! The man outshines his fame. His fame is but his shadow. But before all things I will hasten to tell you

TEMP. What ?

NAT. He will see you, and wishes, that you shall come immediately to him. Accompany me home where I have to order something for him, and then we will go together.

TEMP. I will not enter your house again before

NAT. Well you have been already there ? You have seen her I hope ? Well ! Tell me, how do you like Recha ?

TEMP. Above all expression ! But, to see her again—that I will never. Never ! Never ! Except you will promise me on the spot, that I can ever—ever see her.

NAT. How do you want, that I shall understand that ?

TEMP. (after a short pause embracing him suddenly.) My father !

NAT. Young man !

TEMP. (leaving him even so suddenly.) Not son?—I entreat you, Nathan !—

NAT. My dear young man !

TEMP. Not son ? I entreat you, Nathan ! I conjure you by the first bonds of nature ! Do not prefer above them the latter fetters ! Be satisfied to be a man ! Repulse me not !

NAT. Dear, dear friend !

TEMP. And son ? Not son ? Even then not, if gratitude has formed already a passage for love to your daughter's heart ? Even then not, when both are only waiting for your sign to melt their feelings into one ? You are silent ?

NAT. You take me by surprise young knight.

TEMP. I surprise you?—surprise you, Nathan, with your own thoughts ? You do not acknowledge them, however,—when expressed with my mouth ? I surprise you ?

NAT. Before I know, what a Stauffen has been your father !

TEMP. What do you say, Nathan? what? At such a moment you feel nothing but curiosity?

NAT. For look here! For once I have known a Stauffen whose name was Conrad.

TEMP. Well if my father had the same name?

NAT. Indeed!

TEMP. I am called after my father: Curd is Conrad.

NAT. Then was my Conrad not your father; because my Conrad was what you are, a templar, was never married.

TEMP. O, therefore!

NAT. How?

TEMP. O, therefore he could nevertheless have been my father.

NAT. You are joking.

TEMP. You take it certainly too strictly! What then? Such a thing as a bastard! Such a stroke must be noticed.—But excuse me of my

proof of nobility, and I will excuse yours in return. It is not that I put your pedigree in the slightest doubt. God forbid! You may trace it back page after page to the days of Abraham. From then farther up I know it myself and I will swear to it.

NAT. You become sarcastic.—But have I deserved it?—Have I refused to you already anything? I will not use your word particularly in this moment.—Nothing else?

TEMP. Sure?—Nothing else? O, I beg pardon.

NAT. Well, come, come on!

TEMP. Whither? No! To your house?—Not that! Not that! It burns there!—I will wait here till you come. Go! If I shall see her again, I shall see her frequently enough, and if not, I have seen her already too much.

NAT. I will hasten as much as possible.

SCENE X.—TEMLAR *and soon after* DAJA.

TEMP. It is more than enough already! The

brains of man comprehend a great deal, but they are nevertheless, sometimes suddenly full, full of a trifle. It will avail nothing be they full of whatever it may.—But only patience! The soul presses soon together the puffed up stuff and getting space, light and order return again. Do I love for the first time? Or was it not love, that I know as such? Is love merely that which I feel now? . . .

DAJA. (having approached by stealth from the side.) Knight! Knight!

TEMP. Who is calling?—Ho, Daja, you?

DAJA. I just passed by him unheeded. But he can see us yet where you are standing. Therefore come nearer to me, behind this tree.

TEMP. What is the matter? So mysteriously? What is it?

DAJA. To be sure! It concerns a double mystery which brought me to you. I know only the one and you the other.—How would it be, if we make an exchange? Confide to me yours, and I put you in trust with mine.

TEMP. With pleasure!—If I would first only

know that which you hold for my secret. But this will appear by yours. Begin now.

DAJA. Well, think only ! No ! dear knight ! First you and I will then follow.—Because be assured you will not derive any benefit from my secret if I knew not first yours. Quick ! For if I shall pump out your secret, you have then nothing committed to me. My secret remains mine and you, are rid of yours.—But poor knight !—That you men think only to conceal such a mystery from us women !

TEMP. Which to have it we often do not know ourselves.

DAJA. This may be. Therefore I must be so friendly to make you first acquainted with it. Tell me ! What meant it, that you suddenly took French leave ? That you left and neglected us ? That you did not return with Nathan ? Did Recha touch your heart so little ? How ? Or even so much ?—So much ! So much ! make me acquainted with the fluttering of the poor bird sticking to the rod ! In short confess it to me at once, that you love her, love her frantically and I will tell you something. . .

TEMP. Frantically? Truly you are a judge of it.

DAJA. Acknowledge your love and I will dispense you from doing it frantically.

TEMP. Because that is a matter of course?—
A templar loving a Jewess!

DAJA. It seems indeed! to have a very little meaning. But sometimes there is more sense in a thing than we presume, and that is not a thing unheard of, that the Saviour leads us to him in ways where the wise would have, not very likely tread by himself.

TEMP. So solemn? (and if I use instead of the expression Saviour, divine Providence, is she not right?) You make me more inquisitive than I ever was accustomed to be.

DAJA. O this is the land of wonders!

TEMP. (Well!—of the wonderful! Can it be otherwise? The whole world is crowding here.—) Dear Daja, take for granted whatever you require of me that I love her, that I do not comprehend how I shall live without her, that

DAJA. Are you sure of it? Sure? Knight, swear then to me to make her yours, to save her in this as well as in the world to come.

TEMP. And how?—How can I?—Can I swear to that which is not in my power?

DAJA. It is in your power. By a single word I put it in your power.

TEMP. That even the father shall not object?

DAJA. Eh, what father! father! The father must then consent to it.

TEMP. Must, Daja?—He has not yet fallen into the hands of robbers.—He must not be forced.

DAJA. Well, he must agree, must willingly consent to it after all.

TEMP. Must? And willingly!—But Daja, if I tell you now, that I tried myself already to touch this chord?

DAJA. What? And he did not join in it?

TEMP. He joined in a discordant sound which offended me.

DAJA. What do you say?—How? You have merely shown him a shadow of a wish for Recha, and he did not jump for joy? Drew back coldly? Started difficulties?

TEMP. It was nearly so.

DAJA. I will not consider it a moment longer.
(Pause.)

TEMP. And yet you hesitate?

DAJA. Independently of that he is a very good man!—I am myself much indebted to him! Oh that he will not listen at all! God knows that my heart is bleeding thus to force him.

TEMP. I entreat you, Daja, bring me out of this uncertainty. But are you yourself uncertain yet whether that which is your design may be called good or bad, disgraceful or laudable:—hush. I will forget, that you have anything to keep secret.

DAJA. This spurs on instead of keeping back. Well, know then! Recha is no Jewess, she is—she is a Christian.

TEMP. (coldly.) So? I wish you joy! Was

this so difficult to keep it. Let not the pains of labor frighten you. Continue zealously to people heaven, if you cannot populate the earth.

DAJA. How, knight? Is my information deserving such derision? You a templar, are not rejoiced any more that Recha being a Christian? That you love a Christian?

TEMP. Especially as she is of your own making.

DAJA. O you understand it in this way. I allow that! No! I will see him who will convert her! It is lucky for her that she was that long ago which to become now she has been corrupted.

TEMP. Speak your mind freely, or--go!

DAJA. She is a Christian child, born of Christian parents, is baptized

TEMP. (hasty.) And Nathan?

DAJA. Is not her father.

TEMP. Nathan not her father? Do you know what you say?

DAJA. The truth which made me shed very often bloody tears. No, he is not her father. . . .

TEMP. And he brought her up merely as his daughter? He educated a Christian child as a Jewess?

DAJA. Most assuredly!

TEMP. She does not know by what parents she was born? She never learned it of him, that she was born a Christian and not a Jewess?

DAJA. Never!

TEMP. He did not only rear up the child in such a delusion, but let the girl still remain in this error?

DAJA. Alas!

TEMP. Nathan—How?—The wise good Nathan allowed himself to forge in such a manner the voice of nature?—To misguide so the emotions of the heart which left to themselves would take quite other ways?

DAJA. You have certainly intrusted something of importance to me, which can have con-

sequences that confound me, on which I do not know at present, what I shall do.—Therefore give me time.—Therefore go! He will pass by here again. He might surprise us. Go!

DAJA. I would be lost!

TEMP. I am not fit now to see him at all. If you meet him, tell him only, that we will meet each other at the Sultan's.

DAJA. But do not betray yourself.—This shall give a last pressure to the thing and shall remove all your scruples concerning Recha! But when you take her then to Europe, will you not leave me behind?

TEMP. We will see! Go now, go!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Scenery—On the crosswalk of the cloister.* LAY BROTHER, and soon after the TEMPLAR.

LAY B. Yes, yes! The patriarch is right! I did not succeed much in all the affairs with which he commissioned me.—Why does he charge me with such things? I do not want to be his mouthpiece. I will not persuade, will not thrust my little nose in everything, will not have my little hand in all. Did I quit the world on account of myself, in order to tangle myself deeply in it for others?

TEMP. (coming up to him hastily.) Dear brother! There you are. I have sought you a great while.

LAY B. Me, sir?

TEMP. Do you not know me any more?

LAY B. Yet, yet! I only thought, that I would never see you again in my whole life. I hoped to God for it. The good God knows, how most reluctantly I did my errand to the knight which I was obliged to do. Sir! He knows, whether I wished to be listened to favorably by you; knows how I was rejoiced in heart, that you rejected openly all that is not becoming a knight. Yet you are coming now! It has still produced now its effects!

TEMP. You know already why I am coming? I hardly know it myself.

LAY B. You have considered it now. You found out that the patriarch is not so very wrong after all, that by his offer may be gained honor and money, that an enemy is an enemy, even if he had been seven times our angel. You weighed it in your mind maturely, and you are coming and offer yourself again.—O, God!

TEMP. My dear pious man! Be contented! I did not come on that account, and I will not see the patriarch for that purpose. I think as yet on this point as I thought before, and I

would not for all the world lose the good opinion which an upright, pious and good man deigned to bestow upon me. I come only to ask the advice of the patriarch about a certain affair.

LAY B. You will take advice of the patriarch? A Knight, shall ask a—jack-priest? (Looking timidly around about.)

TEMP. Yes,—the affair is quite monkish.

LAY B. Yet the hedge-priest is never asking the knight, the affair may be ever so chivalrous.

TEMP. Because he has the privilege of acting wrong which one of our own rank does not envy him very much. Certainly, if I had to act only for myself and were merely accountable to myself to what need I your patriarch? But certain affairs I would rather perform them bad according to the will of others, than good according to my own opinion.—Besides I perceive it perfectly well, that religion is also a party affair and he who thinks himself even so impartial about it, is nevertheless, taking unconsciously the side of his own religion. This

being always the case, it will therefore be right.

LAY B. I am rather silent to that ; because I do not understand you correctly, sir.

TEMP. And yet ! (let me see, what object have I most in view, his authoritative sentence or his advice ? a plain or an elaborate counsel ?) I thank you brother, thank you for the hint you gave me.—Why patriarch ? Be you my patriarch ! I will rather ask the Christian in the patriarch than the patriarch in the Christian.—The object is this.

LAY B. No further, sir ! no further ! What is the use of this ? Sir, you misjudge me. He who knows much has much sorrow. I devoted myself merely to one care. O good ! Hear ! Look ! It is fortunate for me, that he is coming there himself. Wait here. He noticed you already.

SCENE II.—*The PATRIARCH with all his clerical pomp coming up the crossway, and the former.*

TEMP. I would rather avoid him.—He is

not my man!—A fat, red friendly prelate!
And what pageantry!

LAY B. You ought to see him when he is betaking himself to the court. He is coming now merely from visiting a sick person.

TEMP. How must Saladin feel ashamed before him.

PATRIARCH. (while approaching signs to the lay-brother to come to him.) Here! This is surely the templar. What does he want?

LAY B. I do not know.

PAT. (coming up to him; while the lay brother and retenue withdraw.) Well, Knight! I am very glad to see the brave young man!—Indeed, he is still very young! With God's help something can be made of him!

TEMP. Reverend sir, scarcely more than he is already, and more likely a little less.

PAT. At all events I wish, that such a pious knight may long blossom and flourish for the honor or benefit of our beloved Christendom and the divine cause. He cannot fail of success,

if only the young bravery will follow the mature advice of old age! How can I serve you, sir?

TEMP. By the same, which my youth is wanting, by an advice.

PAT. With the greatest pleasure!—The advice, however, must be accepted.

TEMP. But not blindly?

PAT. Who says that? Certainly shall nobody neglect to use his gift of God, the reason in the proper place. But is everywhere its proper place? Oh, no! For instance, if God grants us to make us acquainted by one of his angels, that is, by a servant of his word with a means of promoting and strengthening the welfare of the whole Christendom and benefit of the church in a peculiar manner who dare to investigate then according to his reason the arbitrary will of Him, who created reason? Who dare to scrutinize the eternal law of the glory of heaven by petty rules of a vain honor? But enough of that. Sir, about what is it, that you require an advice from me at present?

TEMP. Reverend father, supposing a Jew has an only child—be it a girl—that he reared up with the greatest care to everything which is laudable and good, loving her more than his life, and she is also attached to him with the most pious affection, would one of ours be secretly informed of it, that this girl is not the daughter of the Jew, that he picked her up somewhere, bought, stole her,—all you may ever imagine, when in childhood. It is further known, that the girl is a Christian child, and was baptized. The Jew educated her a Jewess, and wants her to remain merely as such and as his daughter. Say, Reverend father, what shall be done in this affair?

PAT. I shudder! But, sir, tell me first whether such a case is a real fact or a hypothesis. That is to say, whether you composed a story or whether it has happened and it continues to happen.

TEMP. I consider it all the same in order to learn the opinion of your reverence.

PAT. The same? There you see, sir, how the proud human reason is liable to be mistaken

in spiritual affairs. Nay! If the related story is a witty play, it is not worth while to ponder it earnestly. Sir, concerning this I refer you to the theatre where such pro and con can be argued with great applause. But if you do not mock me with a theatrical tale, if this case be a real fact; if this has happened even in our diocese in our beloved city of Jerusalem; yes, then—

TEMP. And what then?

PAT. Then a punishment must be quickly inflicted upon the Jew for such a crime such a vicious action as provided by the papal and imperial law.

TEMP. So?

PAT. And indeed! the laws just mentioned condemn any Jew who seduces a Christian to apostacy, to the faggot, to the stake.

TEMP. So?

PAT. And the more so a Jew who is guilty of taking away by force a Christian child from the covenant of baptism! Because is not violence all which any man does to children? To

which I have to add ! except that which the church may do to children.

TEMP. But if the Jew had not shown any mercy upon the child perhaps it would have perished in misery ?

PAT. That is nothing ! The Jew must be burnt. It is much better, if the child were perished here in misery than being thus rescued to its eternal perdition.—Besides what right has the Jew to encroach upon God's office ? A person whom God will save, he can do it without him.

TEMP. And I should think that even in spite of him—he will save her soul.

PAT. That is nothing. The Jew must be burnt.

TEMP. That grieves me to the heart ! Especially as it is said, that he let the girl neither grow up in his faith nor in any other, but instructed her in the knowledge of God not more and not less than it is reasonable to believe.

PAT. That is nothing ! The Jew must be burnt. . . . Yes, on account of this

alone he deserved already to be burnt three times!—What? To let a child grow up without any faith?—How? Not to teach a child at all the great duty to believe? This is too bad! Knight, I am surprised, you yourself' . . .

TEMP. Reverend sir, as for the rest, please God, at confession. (He is about to go.)

PAT. What? Not to answer me, when called upon? Not to give me the name of the Jew, the wicked wretch? Not to bring him to me to this place? O, I know to find easily a remedy for that! I will go immediately to the Sultan. Saladin must protect us according to the capitulation which he confirmed by an oath; he must defend all our rights and teachings, that we may ever count as belonging to our most holy religion. Thank God! We have the original document. We have it under his hand and seal. We!—I give him easily to understand how dangerous it is for the empire to believe nothing. All civil bonds are dissolved, broken, when men dare not believe.—Away, away with such a mischievous act! . . .

TEMP. It is a great pity, that I have not

much more leisure to enjoy your excellent sermon. I was called for by Saladin.

PAT. Yes?—Well so—Indeed—then . . .

TEMP. If it pleases your reverence, I will prepare the Sultan!

PAT. O, oh! I know, you found favor in the eyes of Saladin! I entreat you to remember me there to my advantage. I am merely driven by a zeal for God's cause.—And in doing too much, I do it for him. Please, sir, consider this!—And is it not so knight? The story of the Jew you have mentioned before us was but a problem?—that is to say—

TEMP. A problem. (Exit.)

PAT. (I must try, however, to sift it to the bottom. This is again a commission for Bonafides.) Here, my son! (He is speaking to the Lay brother when going out.)

SCENE III.—*Scenery:—A room in the palace of SALADIN where slaves are carrying in many bags being placed together on the floor. SALADIN and soon after SITTAH.*

SAL. (coming up to it.) Indeed there is still no end!—Is much of it remained back?

A SLAVE. Nearly a half.

SAL. Carry the rest then to Sittah.—And where does Al Hafi stay? This here shall Al Hafi take with him. Or shall I rather send it to my father? Here it is easily spent.—It is true, that one becomes finally hard-hearted. And now most assuredly a man shall have to try all his wits to squeeze much out of me. At least until the money from Egypt is received here, poverty may see how to get along. If the presents at the grave would only be continued! If the Christian pilgrims need not to leave empty handed! If only

SIT. What is that for? What is the good of the money at my house?

Take out of it the amount of your debt, and if anything is left lay it in store.

SIT. Is Nathan not here yet with the templar?

SAL. He is searching for him in every corner.

SIT. Look, what I found here, while hand-

ling my old jewelry (showing him a little picture.)

SAL. Ho ! my brother ! This is he ! This is he !—Was he ! Was he ! Ah, ah ! brave dear boy, that I lost thee so early ! How much could I undertake with thee and on thy side !—Sittah, let me have this picture ! I know it already. He gave it to your older sister to his Lilla, when one morning she could not tear herself from him. It was the last time that he rode out.—Oh, I let him ride, and alone ! Oh, Lilla died with grief, and I forgave me never, that I let him ride all alone.—He never returned !

SIT. The poor brother !

SAL. Well, let that pass ! All of us will once remain away !—Who knows it ? It is not death alone, that hinders a young man of his rank to attain his design. He has many more enemies, and the strongest sinks often like the weakest ! Be with him as it may ! I must compare his pictures with the features of the young templar. I must see how much my fancy deceived me.

SIR. I bring it on that account; but give it to me. O, give it! I will tell you so much now, that a woman's eye understands it best. (Saladin to an entering doorkeeper.) Who is there?—the templar.—Let him come in!

SIR. In order not to disturb you, and not to confound him by my curiosity—(She seats herself on a sofa, and draws a veil over her face.)

SAL. Well so, well! And now the sound of his voice! How will that be! The sound of Assad's voice is sleeping in my soul!

SCENE IV.—*The TEMPLAR and SALADIN.*

TEMP. I your prisoner, Saladin

SAL. My prisoner? To whom I gave quarters would I not give him liberty too?

TEMP. That, which behooves you to do is becoming me to hear first, and not to anticipate. But, Sultan, to give thanks, and to make especial acknowledgment for my life, that does

not harmonize with my order nor with my character. It is wholly at your service.

SAL. Do not use it against me. To get a pair hands more I would not grudge my enemy but such a heart more I can hardly bear it. I am not deceived in you, brave young man! You are my very Assad in body and soul. Well! I could ask you, where have you been all the time? In what cave did you sleep? In what Ginnistan and by what kindly power was this flower kept so fresh all the time? Look here! I would like to remind you of that which we have accomplished together here and there. I would quarrel with you, that you have still concealed one thing from me suppressing one adventure.--Yes, I could all that, when I see only you and not also me. Now that may be; yet of this pleasing revery is so much true, that in my Autumn an Assad shall flourish for me again.--Are you satisfied with that, Knight?

TEMP. All that proceeds from you, be it whatever it may, has lain as a wish in my soul.

SAL. Let us try that forthwith. Will you abide with me? Will you be about my person?

As Christian as Mussulman, it is one and the same to me. In a white cloak or in a Jammerlonk, in a turban or beaver as you like it. It is all the same to me! I never wished for, that one and the same bark shall grow around every tree.

TEMP. Else you were hardly that which you are : the hero who would rather like to be God's gardener.

SAL. Well then, if you do not think worse of me, we almost agree.

TEMP. Quite !

SAL. (offering to him his hand.) On your word ?

TEMP. A man of his word ! You receive by that more than you could take from me. I am wholly yours !

SAL. Too much profit for one day ! too much !—Did not he come with you ?

TEMP. Who ?

SAL. Nathan.

TEMP. (frosty.) No. I came alone.

SAL. What a deed accomplished by you! And what a wise luck, that such a deed turned out for the best of such a man!

TEMP. Yes, yes!

SAL. So chilly? No, young man! If God wrought something good by us, we must not remain so cold! And even out of modesty we shall not be willing to appear so.

TEMP. That everything in this world has so many sides!—It cannot be imagined very often how they fit together!

SAL. Stick always to the best, and praise God! Who knows how they fit together. But young man, if you should be so humorous, I have to observe caution in treating you. Alas! I am such a thing of many sides which might not always seem to fit very well.

TEMP. This grieves me! For suspicion is usually very little my fault.—

SAL. Well, with whom are you displeased? It seemed to me with Nathan. How? To

conceive a suspicion of Nathan? You?—
Speak out! Speak! Come, give me the first
proof of the confidence which you place in me.

TEMP. I have nothing against Nathan. I
am vexed only at myself.

SAL. And about what?

TEMP. That I have dreamed a Jew could
ever forget to be a Jew, that I dreamed this
when in a waking state.

SAL. Speak out this waking dream!

TEMP. You know about the daughter of Na-
than, Sultan. All that which I did for her I
did it; because I did it. Too proud to earn
thanks where I did not sow them, I declined
from day to day to see her again. The father
was absent, he came back, heard of it, searched
for me, he thanked me, and wished, that I may
like his daughter, speaks of prospect, speaks of
a delightful future. Now I let myself be gulled,
came, saw and found, indeed a girl . . .
Oh, I feel ashamed Sultan!

SAL. You are ashamed that a Jewish girl
made an impression on you? Surely not!

TEMP. That my rash heart on account of the sweet talk of the father made so little resistance to that impression ! O I poor wretch ! I jumped a second time into the fire.—For now I courted and was despised.—

SAL. Despised ?

TEMP. The prudent father did not refuse her to me positively ; but must first make inquiries and consider it. Certainly ! Did not I do the same ? Did not I first inquire and consider, when she was screaming in the house on fire ?—Indeed ! By God ! It is a very fine thing to be so wise so prudent !

SAL. Well, well ! Show some indulgence toward the old man ! How long shall his refusal last ? Would he ask, that you shall first become a Jew ?

TEMP. Who knows it ?

SAL. Who knows it ? He who knows this Nathan much better.

TEMP. The superstition in which we are grown up even when perceived by us, does not

lose its influence on us.—Not all who are scoffing at their chains are free.

SAL. It is a very correct remark but Nathan indeed Nathan

TEMP. The worst of all superstitions is to consider his own for the most tolerable.

SAL. It may be! But Nathan

TEMP. In whom alone the dim sighted humanity shall confide until it get used to a more brighter day of truth ; in whom alone

SAL. Well ! But Nathan ! This weakness fell not to Nathan's share.

TEMP. I thought so too ! If nevertheless this paragon of all men would be such a mean Jew, that he tries to get some Christian children to educate them as Jews :—how then ?

SAL. Who relates such a thing on him ?

TEMP. The girl herself by whom he succeeded to entice me and by the hope he was making me for her, he seemed as if he would like to pay me for that which I should not have done for her gratis. This very girl is—not his

daughter. It is a Christian child thrown about.

SAL. And would nevertheless not give her to you?

TEMP. (passionately.) He may want or not! He is detected. The tolerant talker is now detected. I know how to manage it, that some hounds will be after this Jewish wolf assuming philosophically a sheepskin and they shall worry him.

SAL. (earnestly.) Keep yourself quiet Christian!

TEMP. What? Keep quiet Christian!—If a Jew and Mussulman persist in being a Jew and Mussulman, shall the Christian alone not be allowed to act the part of a Christian!

SAL. (still more earnestly.) Be tranquil Christian!

TEMP. (composed.) I feel the whole burden of reproach which Saladin compressed in the two syllables Christian! O I would like to know how Assad—Assad had conducted himself, were he in my place?

SAL. Not much better!—Probably quite so boisterous!—But who taught you already to bribe me with one word, exactly like him? To be sure, if it be so as you tell me, I can hardly understand Nathan. But he is my friend, and all of my friends must not quarrel with each other. Take an advice. Go considerately! Do not abandon him to the fanatics of your mob! Keep secret that which your clergy would explain to me in order to be revenged on him. Be not a Christian in defiance of a Jew or of a Mussulman!

TEMP. It were nearly too late! Thanks be to the bloodiness of the patriarch, that I had an abhorrence of becoming his tool.

SAL. How? You saw the patriarch before you came to me?

TEMP. In the storm of passion, in the whirlwind of irresolution!—Forgive me! I fear that you will not recognize further anything of your Assad in me.

SAL. Were it not this very fear! It seems to me I know very well from what faults our virtue rises. Cultivate it further, and they

shall not prejudice me against you. But go ! Search for Nathan as he searched for you, and bring him here. I will make you come to an agreement. If you think only of getting the girl, be quiet. She is yours ! I will make Nathan atone for it, that he dared to bring up a Christian child without using any pork ! Go ! (Exit the Templar and Sittah leaves the sofa.)

SCENE V.—SALADIN *and* SITTAH.

SIT. It is quite strange !

SAL. Well, Sittah ? Must not my Assad have been a brave and handsome young man ?

SIT. If he was so, and not rather the Templar was sitting for the picture ! But how could you forget to inquire of him about his parents ?

SAL. Indeed ! especially for his mother ? Whether his mother has ever been in this country ? Is it not so ?

SIT. You shall pay for it !

SAL. O, nothing is more possible ! For

Assad was so very welcome to all beautiful Christian ladies, and he was so mad after charming Christian ladies that once was a report rife, well, well: one does not like to speak of it.—Enough I have him back, I will have him back again with all the faults and vagaries of his sentimental heart! O, Nathan must give him that girl. Do not you think so?

SIR. He shall give her to him? Leave her to him!

SAL. Certainly! What right has Nathan on her, when he is not her father? He who saved her life, is entering upon the rights of him,—who gave it her.

SIR. How, Saladin? Would you not take the girl immediately into your house and deprive the illegal possessor of her?

SAL. Is that necessary?

SIR. Indeed not. The mere curiosity alone urged me to give you such advice. Because I am too anxious to know of certain men, if possible, with what girl they can fall in love.

SAL. Now send for her.

SIT. May I, brother ?

SAL. But be very circumspect towards Nathan ! He must think by no means, that one wishes to separate him from her by force.

SIT. Do not be uneasy on that score.

SAL. And I, I must see myself, where Al Hafi tarries so long.

SCENE VI.—*Scenery :—The vestibule in NATHAN'S house situated towards the palm-trees as it is in the first scene of first act. A part of the goods and valuable things therein mentioned are lying about. NATHAN and DAJA.*

DAJA. O, all excellent ! all well selected ! O, all as you can only give it. Where is the silver stuff with the golden branch work made ? What is the price of it ? That is which I call a wedding dress. Even a queen would wish for no better.

NAT. Wedding gown ? Why just a wedding gown ?

DAJA. Well ! You did not certainly think of it, when you bought it. But, indeed, Na-

than, it must be that and no other one ! It is for a nuptial dress, as if it had been ordered. The white ground an emblem of innocence, and gold rivers which serpentize through everywhere, an emblem of wealth. Do you see ? Most delightful.

NAT. Wherefore are you so vastly witty ? Whose wedding dress are you allegorizing so highly learned ? Are you a bride ?

DAJA. I ?

NAT. Well, who else ?

DAJA. I ? Good God !

NAT. Who else ? Well, of whose wedding dress do you talk about ? This is all yours and belongs to nobody else.

DAJA. Is mine ? Shall be mine ? Is nothing there for Recha ?

NAT. What I brought for Recha lies in another bale. Make haste ! Take away ! Pack up your things !

DAJA. Tempter ! No, were they even all the valuable things of the whole world ! I would

not touch them! If you do not swear now, to make use of the opportunity which heaven will not send you again.

NAT. Use? of what? Opportunity? to what?

DAJA. O do not make yourself so strange! In sport, the Templar loves Recha. Give her to him. Your sin which I cannot conceal any longer will end. The girl will then be again among Christians; become again that which she is, and is what she was, and you are not heaping coals of fire on your head in all the favors you show to us, and for which we cannot be thankful enough to you.

NAT. Is not that the old tune of the lyre again? It has put on a new string which, I think, will neither be in tune nor last at all.

DAJA. How so?

NAT. I am very well pleased with the Templar and would more rejoice at his getting Recha than anybody else in the whole world. But . . . now have patience.

DAJA. Patience? Is it not now the tune of the old lyre?

NAT. Be patient* only for a few days more ! Look here ! Who is coming there ? A lay-brother ? Go, ask him, what he wants.

DAJA. What shall he want ? (she approaches him and is asking.)

NAT. Give him before he begs. (Could I only know how to get at the Templar without telling him the cause of my curiosity ! Because if I tell it to him and the suspicion is without any foundation, I would have staked in vain the honor of his father.) What is it ?

DAJA. He likes to see you.

NAT. Well, let him come in, and leave me for a while.

SCENE VII.—NATHAN *and the* LAY BROTHER.

NAT. (I wish very much to remain Recha's father !—But can I not remain it, even if they cease to call me so ?—She, yes, she will nevertheless call me father, when perceiving how I like it to be that.) Go !—What are your commands, pious brother ?—

LAY B. Not much Mr. Náthan. I am glad to see you still in good health.

NAT. Do you know me ?

LAY B. Well ! Who would not know you ? You put your name into the hands of many a man. It stands in mine also since many years.

NAT. (feeling for his purse.) Come, brother, come let me renew it again.

LAY B. Thank you. I would deprive the poorer of it. I take nothing.—Allow me only to revive a little my name ; because I can boast of my having laid also something in your hand, that was not which should be slighted.

NAT. Excuse !—I am ashamed.—Tell me what?—and accept from me seven times the value of that as atonement for it.

LAY B. But before all things, listen to me how I was first to-day reminded of the pledge I gave you.

NAT. You intrusted me with a pledge ?

LAY B. As I was sitting as hermit at Quarantana not far off from Jericho, there came an

Arab troop of robbers, pulled down my little house of worship and my cell, and dragged me away with them. It was lucky for me, that I escaped, and fled hither to the patriarch to request him for another little place where I might worship my God in solitude, until I die in his grace.

NAT. I am in great haste, dear brother, make short work of it. The pledge! The pledge you have intrusted to me!

LAY B. Mr. Nathan, directly!—Well the patriarch promised to give me a hermitage at Tabor as soon as one shall become vacant, and bade me stay in the cloister in the meanwhile as a lay-brother. Mr. Nathan, there I am now and a hundred times in a day I am longing for Tabor; because the patriarch employs me to perform things at which I am much disgusted. For instance.

NAT. I pray you, be quick!

LAY B. Well, now it is coming. Somebody whispered to-day in his ear that a Jew living somewhere in the neighborhood educates a Christian child as his daughter.

NAT. (perplexed.) How ?

LAY B. Hear me to the end ! Charging me to trace up that Jew immediately, if possible, and grew very angry at such an iniquity, considering it as a sin committed against the holy spirit, that means a sin which is the greatest sin of all sins ; but, thank God, that we really do not know in what it consists.—There my conscience suddenly awakened and it came into my mind, that I myself could have given an occasion for this unpardonable great sin a long time ago.—Tell me ! Did not a groom bring you a little daughter of a few weeks old about eighteen years ago ?

NAT. How that ? Well, yes—certainly—

LAY B. Why, look at me well ! That groom was I !

NAT. Was you ?

LAY B. The gentleman, from whom I brought it, was, if I am right, Mr. von Filneck—Wolf von Filneck !

NAT. Exactly !

LAY B. As the mother died not long ago, and

the father, I think, had suddenly to throw himself into Gazza, where the little worm could not follow him, he sent it to you. And did not we meet you at Darun ?

NAT. You are very right.

LAY B. It were no wonder, if my memory would deceive me. I had so many brave masters and this I only served for a very short time. He fell soon after near Askalon. He was, indeed, a gentleman.

NAT. Yes! Yes! I owe him much for his kindness. He rescued me more than once from the sword!

LAY B. O good! The more so you must have protected his little daughter.

NAT. You may be assured of that.

LAY B. Well, where is she now? She did not die already? Do not let her be dead.—If only nobody knows anything about it, then it is all right—

NAT. Is it?

LAY B. Nathan, confide in me!— Because

look here, I think thus ! If near on the good which I intend to perform borders anything that is very bad, I will rather not do the good ; for we know the bad quite positively, but not so the good. Indeed ! It was very natural, if you should educate the Christian's little daughter well to bring her up as your own. This you have done with love and fidelity, and shall be rewarded in such a manner ? This I cannot comprehend. Certainly ! You would have acted much wiser, if you had brought up the Christian by another Christian ! but in this way you would not have been so attached to the little child of your friend. And children of such a tender age need love more than Christianity, and were it even that of a wild beast. It is always time enough to embrace Christianity. When the girl has grown up sound and pious before your eyes, then she remained in the sight of God that which she was. And is not the whole Christianity based on Judaism ? It provoked me very often and I wept intensely, that Christians could so far forget themselves, that our Lord was himself a Jew.

NAT. You, dear brother, must be my defender when hatred and hypocrisy should arise

against me—on account of a deed—O, on account of a deed! You only ought to know it! But take it into your grave! I was not yet tempted by vanity to relate it to anybody. I tell it only to you, I communicate it to you only on account of your pious simplicity. Because it alone understands what things a pious man is capable to undertake.

LAY B. You are affected and your eyes are filled with tears.

NAT. You and the child met me at Darun. But you do not know it, that the Christians, just a few days before had murdered all the Jews and even women and children in the city of Gath; you do not know it that among them were my wife and seven hopeful boys, whom I brought into the house of my brother to take refuge; but where they all had to perish together in the flames.

LAL B. O, All-righteous God!

NAT. When you came I have lain prostrated in dust and ashes before God three days and nights and wept bitterly. Wept? I have moreover contended against God, vexed also

angry at Him, raged, cursed myself and the whole world and swore to Christendom irreconcilable revenge.—

LAY B. O, I believe you, indeed !

NAT. And when my reason returned again by degrees, it said with a soft voice : And yet there is a God ! That was nevertheless His decree ! Well ! Come on then ! do that which you conceived long ago. It is surely not more difficult to exercise than to comprehend, if you are only willing to do so. Arise ! I arose and cried to God ! I will if thou wilt, that I shall be willing ! In the meanwhile you dismounted from a horse and gave me the child which was wrapt in your cloak. What you said to me and what I said to you, I do not remember any more. But so much I recollect, that I took the child, carried it to my room and laid it upon my couch, kissed it heartily and fell on my knees and sobbed forth : I lost seven but have now one again !

LAY B. Nathan ! Nathan ! You are a Christian !—By God you are a Christian. There was never a better one.

NAT. It is well for us, that just the same that makes me a Christian in your opinion makes you a Jew according to my views.—But let us not soften each other any longer. It needs here action ! Although a sevenfold love binds me to this single foreign girl and the thought is killing me, that I shall lose with her my seven sons anew, if Providence reclaims her from me—I obey.

LAY B. That is entirely so ! I considered it and wanted to advise you in the same way. But your good spirit had thus counseled you already.

NAT. Not everybody, however, must think that he can tear her from me !

LAY B. No ! Certainly not !

NAT. He who has no greater claims on her than I, he must have at least former ones.—

LAY B. Certainly !

NAT. Which are due to him by nature and blood.

LAY B. This is exactly my opinion !

NAT. Therefore give me quickly the name of any person that is related to her as brother or uncle as cousin or any other relative and I will not detain her from him. She was created and brought up to become an ornament of any house and any creed. I hope, that you know more about this your master and his people, more than I do.

LAY B. Well, dear Nathan, I know hardly anything of that! Because you have heard already, that I have been with him only for a very short time.

NAT. Do not you know at least of what family the mother was? Did she descend from the Stauffen?

LAY B. It may be!—Yes, I think so.

NAT. Was not her brother Conrad von Stauffen?—Was not he a templar?

LAY B. If I am not mistaken, he was. But hold on! I recollect just now, that I have still a little book of the late master. I pulled it out from his inside pocket, when we buried him at Askelon.

NAT. Well?

LAY B. There are some prayers in it. We call it breviary. That I thought, can be of some use to a Christian fellow. Certainly not to me ; because I cannot read.—

NAT. No matter !—Now to the point.

LAY B. This little book, contains, as people tell me, in the front and at the end a register of all the relatives of him and her written with my master's own hand.

NAT. O, this is very agreeable to me ! Go ! Run ! Get me that little book. Make haste ! I will outweigh it in gold and give you also a thousand thanks ! Hurry, run quick !

LAY B. With the greatest pleasure ! But all that my master wrote there is, in the Arabian language. (Exit.)

NAT. It is all the same ! Let me only have it ! God ! If I could still retain this girl with me and win by her such a son-in-law—it will hardly be so !—Well, turn out as it may !—But who was it that denounced such a thing to the patriarch ? I must not forget to inquire about that.—Should it come from Daja ?

SCENE VIII.—DAJA (*in haste and embarrassed.*)

DAJA. Think only, Nathan !

NAT. What ?

DAJA. The poor child was very much alarmed at that ! There sends

NAT. The patriarch ?

DAJA. The Sultan's sister, princess Sittah.

NAT. Not the patriarch ?

DAJA. No, Sittah !—Do not you hear ?—Princess Sittah sends for her.

NAT. For whom ? For Recha ? Sittah sends for Recha ? Well, if Sittah sends for her and not the patriarch

DAJA. How do you come to speak of that man ?

NAT. Did not you hear anything of him lately ? Surely not ? Have you apprised him of nothing ? .

DAJA. I ? Him ?

NAT. Where are the messengers ?

DAJA. In the front part of the house.

NAT. For the sake of precaution I will speak with them myself. Come !—If only the patriarch would not have his hand in this affairs (Exit.)

DAJA. And I—I am afraid of quite another thing. I am sure, the single reputed daughter of a rich Jew would not be bad for a Mussulman after all. Huzza ! The Templâr lost her. He cannot get her, if I would not try to take a second step and reveal it to herself, who she is. Never mind ! Let me use for that purpose the first moment when I am alone with her. And that will be when I perhaps accompany her. Such a first hint can at least not hurt on the way. Yes, yes ! Cheer up ! Now or never ! Cheer up ! (after him.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Scenery :—A room in the palace of SALADIN, into which the bags with money were carried and are still to be seen*
SALADIN and soon after several MAMELUKES.

SAL. (when entering.) There lays yet the money and nobody can find out the Dervise who is probably sitting somewhere at the chessboard that makes him forget himself and why not also me?—But patience! What is the matter?

A MAM. Good news, Sultan! Much joy, Sultan! The caravan of Kahira is coming with a septennial tribute from the rich Nile.

SAL. Very good, Ibrahim. You are indeed a welcome messenger to me! O, at last! at last! My thanks for your good news!

MAM. (waiting.) Well, let me have them !

SAL. What are you waiting for ?—You may go.

MAM. Nothing else for the welcome messenger ?

SAL. What else ?

MAM. Is no fee paid to the good carrier ? I am then the first whom Saladin has finally learned to pay with words !—It is also a glory !—I am the first with whom he dealt in a niggardly manner.

SAL. Take there one bag with money.

MAM. Not now even if you would give me all as a present.

SAL. Defiance !—Come here ! There you shall have two.—In earnest ? He goes ? Will he outvie me in generosity ? For indeed ! It must be harder for him to refuse than it is for me to give.—Ibrahim !—What idea comes into my mind, that I wish to become suddenly quite another person so shortly before my end ? Will Saladin not die as Saladin ?—Then he ought not to have lived as Saladin.

2D MAM. Now, Saladin!

SAL. If you come to inform me

2D. MAM. That the transport from Egypt has arrived.

SAL. I know it already.

2D MAM. I am very sorry I came too late.

SAL. Why too late?—There take for your good will one or two bags with money.

2D MAM. Say three.

SAL. Yes, if you can count them!—So take them.

2D MAM. There will come a third one,—if he will be able to come.

SAL. How is that?

2D MAM. Well! he has broken his neck. Because as soon as we three have been assured of the arrival of the transport every one dashed forward. The first fell off his horse and thus I outrun him and had the start of him until we arrived in the city, where Ibrahim, the parasite, knows much better the streets—than I do.

SAL. O the man who fell! A friend of mine was he who fell!—Ride fast to meet him!

2D MAM. I will do that, and if he is alive, he shall have half of these bags with money.
(Exit.)

SAL. Look here, what a good and noble fellow is that!—Who can boast of such Mamelukes? And is not allowed to me to think, that my example helped to mould them?—Away with such a thought to accustom them at last to any other!

3D MAM. Sultan

SAL. Was it you who fell off the horse?

3D MAM. No, I announce only that Emir Mansor the leader of the caravan, is just dismounting

SAL. Let him come in! quick! There he is!—

SCENE II.—EMIR MANSOR *and* SALADIN.

SAL. Welcome, Emir! Well how was your

journey?—Mansor, Mansor! You kept us waiting very long.

MANSOR. This letter will inform you, what tumult had to be put down first in Thebais by your Abulkassem, before we could venture to set out. We hastened our traveling as quick as possible.

SAL. I believe you!—Dear Mansor, let a fresh escort attend you immediately, and I hope that you will do so cheerfully; for you must go at once still farther. You have to carry the most part of this money to my father on the mount of Libanon.

MANSOR. Gladly! with pleasure!

SAL. Be careful, that your guard be not too weak. It is not very safe any more around about the Libanon. Did not you hear it? The templars are again very active. Be upon your guard!—Come along! Where halts the transport? I like to see it and I will manage everything myself.—Then to Sittah!

SCENE III.—*Scenery :—The palm-trees before NATHAN'S house. The TEMPLAR going up and down.*

TEMP. I will not go into the house.—He will show himself at last!—They noticed me formerly so soon, and so cheerfully!—I will live to see, that he will deprecate my steady walks before his house. Hm! But I am too much vexed at him! What was it that so provoked me against him? Why! he said, that he refuses me nothing as yet. And Saladin took it upon himself to induce him to do it. How? Is really the Christian seated deeper in my heart than the Jew in his?—Who knows himself correctly! Else how could I grudge him the little robbery he was striving to rescue from the Christians?—Certainly it is no small booty such a creature!—creature? And whose? Not of the slave who floated a block on a barren shore of life and took French leave? Surely rather of the artist who fancied the divine figure he represented then in the block laid before him? Ah! the true father of Recha, in spite of the Christian who begot her, remains the Jew forever. If I now imagine her as a Christian girl without all that such a Jew alone could give her! Speak my heart

what is it that would please you in her? Nothing! Little! Even her smiling, would be nothing but a soft and beautiful convulsion of her muscles, and that which makes her smile would be unworthy of the charm playing around her mouth. No, not even her smiling! I have seen it squandered still more beautiful in derangement, idle talk, mockery, flatterers and paramours! Has it also fascinated me? Has it formed in my breast the desire to flatter away my life in its sunshine?—I am unconscious of it! And yet I am cross to him who gave her all alone the higher charm? How that? Why?—If I should have deserved the raillery with which Saladin dismissed me! It is bad enough, that Saladin could believe it! How small must I have appeared to him! How despicable!—And all that for a girl?—Curd! Curd! that will not do. Turn back to the right direction! Supposing Daja chatted to me something that can hardly be proved? Look here! There being absorbed in conversation he is finally coming out of the house!—Ho! with whom!—With him? With my lay-brother?—O, he knows surely everything already! He is probably betrayed already to

the patriarch ! Oh, I cross-grained fellow, what have I done ! That one spark of this passion can burn so much of our brains ! Decide at once what shall be done next ! I will wait for them here aside and may be, that the lay-brother will leave him.

SCENE IV.—NATHAN *and* LAY-BROTHER.

NAT. (approaching nearer to him.) Dear brother, I make again my acknowledgments.

LAY B. And so do I.

NAT. You ? to me ? for what ? For my stubbornness in pressing upon you that which you do not need ? Yes, if yours had only yielded to it. You did not want by all means to become richer than I.

LAY B. The book does not belong to me at all. Yes, it is the daughter's and is her whole paternal inheritance !—Well, she has you.—God grant, that you may never repent to have done so much for her !

NAT. Can I do that? Never! Do not be uneasy at that!

LAY B. Well, well! The patriarchs and the templars

NAT. They cannot do me so much evil, that I would regret anything, much less that!—And are you sure, that a templar spurs on your patriarch?

LAY B. It is hardly another one. A templar spoke to him a little while ago, and what I heard, sounded accordingly.

NAT. But there is at present only one in Jerusalem, and I know him. He is my friend. A young, noble, and candid man!

LAY B. Indeed, the same! But that which a man is and must be in this world, does not suit always.

NAT. Alas, not!—Thus let him do, who it ever may be, his worst or best. Brother, with your book I defy all, and I will go with it straight to the Sultan.

LAY B. Much joy! Here I will leave you.

NAT. And you have not yet done so much as seen her! come back soon and often. If only the patriarch would not hear anything of it to-day! But what? Tell him to-day all that you want.

LAY B. I shall not. Good-bye! (Exit.)

NAT. Do not forget us brother!—God! That I cannot fall on my knees here in the open air! How is this knot loosened by itself which made me afraid so often! O God, how easy do I feel when I think that I have nothing to conceal any more in this world! That I can walk now as free before men, as before Thee who dost not need to judge man according to his deeds which are so seldom his deeds, O, God!—

SCENE V.—NATHAN *and the* TEMPLAR *who is approaching him sideways.*

TEMP. Ha! wait, Nathan, take me along!

NAT. Who is calling me?—Is it you, knight? Where have you been, that I could not meet you at the Sultan's palace?

TEMP. We missed one another. Excuse me, Sir !

NAT. I will ; but not Saladin.

TEMP. You had just gone.

NAT. And yet you saw him ? Well, that is right.

TEMP. But he will see us both together.

NAT. So much the better. Come with me. I wanted just to call upon him.—

TEMP. May I ask you, Nathan, who was he, who left you but now ?

NAT. You do not know him ?

TEMP. Was it not the good fellow, the lay-brother whom he employs as a spy ?

NAT. May be ! He is certainly with the patriarch.

TEMP. This trick is not very bad to send on simplicity before knavery.

NAT. Yes, the stupid,—not the pious simplicity.—

TEMP. No patriarch does believe in pious.

NAT. I guarantee for him. He will not assist the patriarch in performing any impropriety.

TEMP. He affects at least to be so.—But did not he tell you anything of me ?—

NAT. Of you ? of you especially nothing at all. He hardly knows your name.

TEMP. Hardly.

NAT. He told me certainly something of a templar.

TEMP. And what ?

NAT. By which he could positively not have meant you.

TEMP. Who knows it ? Please, let me hear it now.

NAT. That somebody accused me to his patriarch.

TEMP. Accused you ?—That is with his permission a falsehood.—Listen to me Nathan ! I am a man who is not able to disown anything. All that I did, I confess

that I did it. Nor am I such a one who would defend everything he has undertaken or performed. Why should I be ashamed of a fault I have committed? Am I not determined to correct it? And do I not know at what a degree men can arrive in this respect? Listen to me, Nathan!—I am the templar of the lay-brother who should have accused you indeed! You know that which irritated me and which made the blood boil in my veins! O! what a fool I am!—I came with body and soul to take refuge with you! How did you receive me! How cold!—how luke-warm—because luke-warm is still worse than cold; how considerately, how very studious have you been to elude me, how did you put some questions to me without any foundation in order to appear as if answering my inquiries. If I shall keep my temper I dare hardly think of it at present.—Listen to me, Nathan!—In a state of such an agitation Daja sneaked after me and pressed her secret upon me which seemed to unfold your mysterious behaviour.

NAT. How is that?

TEMP. Hear me to the end! I imagined,

that you did not like to lose that again by a Christian which you have rescued from Christians. Thus it came into my mind, in order to be short and to make it good I shall urge you very closely.

NAT. To be short and to make it good? wherein consists the good?

TEMP. Listen to me, Nathan!—It is true, I have done wrong!—You are not guilty at all. The foolish Daja does not know what she is talking about. She bears you an ill will—and tries to involve you in a bad affair.—May be! may be! I am a young chap whose imagination takes always wild flights on both extremes. He does sometimes too much and sometimes too little. Even that can be! Excuse me, Nathan.

NAT. Certainly, if you consider me in this light.—

TEMP. In short, I went to the patriarch! but I did not mention you at all. This is false as I have already stated. I related to him the fact only in general terms in order to hear his opinion, and even that I might have spared. Yes, did not I know already, that the patriarch

is a rogue?—Could not I at once call you to account about it?—Must I expose the poor girl to the danger of losing such a father? Well, what matters it? The vileness of the patriarch, remaining always similar to itself, brought me the shortest way again to my senses. Because, hear me, Nathan, hear me to the end! Supposing, he knew also your name.—What can be done more? He could only demand the girl, if nobody claims her but you. He can only drag her out of your house into the cloister.—Therefore give her to me! give her only to me and then let him come. He shall forbear doing it to take my wife. Give her to me, quickly! She be your daughter or not! Be a Christian or Jewess or none! It is no matter, no matter! I shall not inquire about it neither at present nor ever in my whole life. Be as it may!

NAT. Do you think, that it is necessary for me to conceal the truth?

TEMP. Be it as it may!

NAT. I did never deny neither to you nor to anybody who ought to know it, that she is a

Christian and nothing else but my foster-daughter. Why I have not revealed the secret to her ?
• For that I have only to make my excuse to her alone.

TEMP. It is not necessary to apologize your doing so to her. Allow her never to look on you with other eyes ! Spare her the disclosure !—At present you can still all alone dispose of her. Give her to me ! I am the only one who can save her to you a second time—and I will.

NAT. Yes—could ! could ! But not any more. It is too late to do that.

TEMP. How so ? Too late ?

NAT. Thanks be to the patriarch. . . .

TEMP. To the patriarch ? Thanks ? To him thanks ? For what ? He wanted to deserve thanks of us ? For what ? For what ?

NAT. That we know to whom she is related, know into whose hands we can put her now safely.

TEMP. He may thank him for that who shall thank him for more !

NAT. You must receive her now from their hands and not from mine.

TEMP. Poor Recha ! How much comes suddenly upon you ! what would be a fortune for other orphans becomes your misfortune !—Nathan ! and where are these relatives ?

NAT. Where are they ?

TEMP. And who are they ?

NAT. A brother has especially appeared of whom you have to ask her hand.

TEMP. A brother ? What is he ? A soldier ? A clergyman ?—Tell me, what I may expect.

NAT. I believe he is neither of both or both together. I do not know him yet exactly.

TEMP. And besides that ?

NAT. A brave man ! Recha will not be bad off with him.

TEMP. Yet a Christian !—Sometimes I do not know what I shall think of you !—do not take it amiss, Nathan ! will she not be obliged to play the Christian among Christians ? And

will she not finally become that which she played long enough? Will not the weed choke finally the pure wheat you have sown?—And that concerns you so little? And notwithstanding that, can you say—you—that she will not be bad off when staying with her brother?

NAT. I think, I hope so! And if she should be wanting something, well, has she not still yourself and me?

TEMP. Oh! what could she be wanting! will not the good brother provide richly enough for his dear sister with board and clothes, delicacies and handsome things? And what does a beloved sister need more? Eh, indeed! a husband also! Well, well! Even that will her dear brother procure her in due time. As good as he can ever find, the most Christian, and the best.—Nathan! Nathan! What an angel have you brought up who will be deformed by others!

NAT. Never mind! She will still keep up her dignity to be worthy of our love.

TEMP. Do not say so! Do not say so of my love! Because it does not allow to suppress

anything, be it ever so small. And even a mere name! But hold! Does she suspect already what is going on concerning her?

NAT. It is possible, although I do not know, how so?

TEMP. No matter! She shall and must first learn from me what fate is threatening her in both directions. I relinquish my resolution not to see her again until I can call her mine. I hasten away.

NAT. Stay! Whither are you going?

TEMP. To her! To see whether her maiden soul will possess so much of manly character to form the only resolution worthy of her.

NAT. Which?

TEMP. It is this, that she shall not care for you or her brother any more.—

NAT. And?

TEMP. And to follow me even if she had to become the wife of a Mussulman.

NAT. Stay, you will not meet her. She is with Sittah, the sister of Sultan.

TEMP. Since when? Why?

NAT. And if you want to find there also the brother, come with me.

TEMP. The brother? Whom? That of Sittah or Recha?

NAT. Perhaps both. Come with me. I entreat you come! (Leading him away.)

SCENE VI.—*Scenery*:—SITTAH'S Harem. SITTAH and RECHA in conversation.

SIT. I rejoice in you, sweet girl!—Let your heart not be shrunk with grief! Be not so alarmed, so shy! Be lively, more communicative and more familiar!

RECH. Princess

SIT. Nay, not princess! Call me Sittah, your friend, your sister. Call me your mama! I could likely be that.—So young, so wise, so pious! How much is known to you! How much must you have read!

RECH. How much I have read?—Sittah, you

are mocking at your little silly sister. I know hardly how to read!

SIT. You know hardly, you story teller.

RECH. A little of my father's hand!—I thought you spoke of books.

SIT. To be sure of books.

RECH. Well, books are, indeed, very difficult for me to read!—

SIT. In earnest?

RECH. Quite in earnest. My father loves too little the cold erudition which impresses itself, with dead signs on the brain.

SIT. Eh! do not say so!—He is, however, not very wrong. And so many things you know. . . . ?

RECH. I know them from his mouth. And I could still tell you how? where? and why? he taught me the most of it.

SIT. Thus all sticks much better, and the whole soul learns at once.

RECH. Sittah, you have surely not read much or nothing at all !

SIT. How so ?—I am not proud of being the reverse ! But how so ? your argument ? Say it boldly ! Your argument ?

RECH. She is so plain and so good, so unaffected and is merely so like herself. . . .

SIT. Well ?

RECH. The books leave that to us very seldom, says my father.

SIT. O, what a man is your father !

RECH. Is it not so ?

SIT. How he reaches always the goal !

RECH. Is it not true ?—and this father—

SIT. What ails you, love ?

RECH. This father—

SIT. God ! are you crying ?

RECH. And this father—Ah ! out with it ! I will open my heart, unbosom myself

(Throwing herself overwhelmed with tears, at Sittah's feet.)

SIT. Child, what is the matter with you? Recha?

RECH. This father I shall—I shall lose!

SIT. You? lose? him? how that?—Compose yourself! never!—Rise!

RECH. You shall not have offered yourself in vain to be my friend, my sister!

SIT. Yes, this I am, this I am!—Stand up! else I must call for help!

RECH. (resuming courage, rises) Oh! I beg your pardon! Forgive me!—my suffering made me forget who you are. Whining and despair are of no weight to Sittah. Cold and calm reason has alone a great influence with her and whose cause is pleaded by it before her, will surely conquer.

SIT. Well then?

RECH. No! my friend, my sister will not allow it! Will never permit it, that another father shall be pressed upon me!

SIT. Another father? pressed upon you? Who can do that? Who could only wish to do so, my love?

RECH. Who? my good, bad Daja can wish that and thinks herself powerful enough to do it. Yes, know you not this good bad Daja? Well, God may forgive her! Reward it to her! She has done me so much good and so much evil!

SIT. Has done evil to you?—Indeed! She must have very little of the good.

RECH. Yet, very much, very much.

SIT. Who is she?

RECH. A Christian who nursed me in my childhood!—who tended me so good!—you would not believe it!—That I missed my mother very little!—may God reward it to her! But it is she who has also alarmed and tormented me.

SIT. And about what? Why and how?

RECH. O! the poor woman—yes, as I told you is a Christian—she must torment me on ac-

count of love. She is one of those enthusiasts who think to know the only general true way to God.

SIT. Now I understand !

RECH. They feel themselves compelled to lead in that way every one who missed it. They can hardly do otherwise. For if it is true, according to their opinion, that this is the only road which leads to the right, how can they quietly see their friends walking on another that leads into perdition, eternal perdition ? It must be possible to love and hate the same man at the same time. It is even not that which forces me to complain loudly against her. I would have gladly endured much longer her sighs, her warnings, her prayers and her threats. They originated always in me such thoughts which were good and useful. And who is not flattered, if he notices that he is highly esteemed by some one, whoever it may be, that he cannot bear the thought he will once be deprived of us forever ?

SIT. Very true !

RECH. But—but that is going too far! I cannot set anything against it neither patience nor consideration. Nothing!

SIT. What? Whom?

RECH. What she will have but now revealed to me.

SIT. Revealed and just now?

RECH. Yes, just now! On our way hither we were approaching a Christian temple in ruins. She suddenly stood quiet and seemed to struggle within herself. With tears in her eyes she looked soon up to heaven and soon at me. Come, she finally said, let us go here straight along through this temple. She is going, I follow her, and my looks rambled with horror over the tottering ruins. Now she stops again and I was with her at the sunken steps of a rotten altar. How was I moved, when she with burning tears in her eyes and wringing her hands fell down at my feet!

SIT. Good child!

RECH. And conjured me by the divine virgin who has heard many a prayer and wrought

many a wonder to have compassion on myself!
At least to pardon her if she must reveal to me
what claim her church lays to me.

SIT. (O! unfortunate!—It is as my heart
foreboded!)

RECH. I descended from Christian blood, was
baptized, I am not the daughter of Nathan, he
is not my father!—God! God! He is not my
father!—Sittah! Sittah! See me again at
your feet.

SIT. Recha! O, Recha! Rise! my brother
is coming! Stand up!

SCENE VII.—SALADIN *and the former.*

SAL. What is the matter here, Sittah?

SIT. She is out of her senses! God!

SAL. Who is it?

SIT. You know it very well.

SAL. Our Nathan's daughter? What ails
her?

Sir. Child, compose yourself! The Sultan!

.

RECH. (dragging herself along on her knees to the feet of Saladin and dropping her head to the floor.) I shall not rise, shall not see before the countenance of the Sultan and shall not look and admire before the reflection of eternal justice and goodness in his eyes, and on his brows until

SAL. Rise! . . . Rise!

RECH. Until he will promise me. . . .

SAL. Come! I promise you. Be it whatever it may.

RECH. No more nor less than to leave to me my father and me to him. I do not know yet who else claims or can claim to be my father? I do not like to know it. But is it blood alone that makes the father? Only the blood?

SAL. (who is raising her.) I perceive it very well! Who was so cruel to put such things into your head? Is it perfectly decided? Proved?

RECH. Well, it must be so ! Because Daja says, that she was informed about it by my nurse !

SAL. By your nurse ?

RECH. Who when dying considered herself in duty bound to tell it to her under the seal of secrecy.

SAL. Already dying ! Was she not wandering ? And were it really true !—Certainly, the blood, the blood alone does not constitute the father ! makes hardly the father of a beast ! It gives at most but the first right to gain such a name. Be not solicitous ! And do you know what to do ? when two fathers are fighting for you !—leave them both. Take the third ! Take me as your father !

SIT. O do so ! do so !

SAL. I will be a good father, a very good father.—But hold ! I know something better ! What are the fathers to you ? Supposing they would die ? Look around in time for such a one who may enjoy with us a long life ! Do not you know any body yet ?

SIT. Make her not blush !

SAL. Certainly, that I was determined to do. Blushing makes the ugly so beautiful and shall it not make the fair ones more beautiful? I bade your father Nathan and another one to come with him hither. Can you guess his name? Hither! Will you allow me Sittah?

SIT. Brother!

SAL. That you blush exceedingly by his appearance, dear girl!

RECH. For whom shall I blush?

SAL. You little hypocrite! Well, grow rather pale! Do as you will and can!—(A female slave enters and is approaching Sittah.) They are not already here? I hope?

SIT. Well, let them enter. They are the gentlemen, brother!—

SCENE VIII.—NATHAN, *TEMPLAR and the former.*

SAL. Oh, my dear, good friends! Before all things I have to tell you Nathan, that you can send now for your money whenever you want it.

NAT. Sultan !

SAL. Now it is my turn to be at your service.

NAT. Sultan !

SAL. The caravan has arrived. I am now as rich again as I have not been for a long time. Come, tell me all you need to undertake something great ! For even you, you merchants can never have too much ready cash !

NAT. And why do you talk first of such a trifle ?—I see there an eye with tears which concerns me much more to dry them. (Approaching Recha.) You have been weeping ? What is the matter with you ? Are you not still my daughter ?

RECHA. My father !

NAT. We understand each other. Enough ! —Be cheerful ! Be composed ! Of course, if your heart is still yours and if no loss is threatening it, your father is not lost to you !

RECH. None, none else !

TEMP. None else ? Well, then I did deceive myself. That which one never feared to lose,

he has never thought to possess nor ever wished for it.—Very well! very well!—That change, Nathan! that alters all!—Saladin we came here at your command. But I misled you, trouble not yourself any more.

SAL. How hasty you are again young man!—Shall every one anticipate your desires? Conjecture all you want?

TEMP. Well, you hear and see it, Sultan!

SAL. Eh, indeed! it is bad enough, that you have not been surer of your case!

TEMP. So I am now.

SAL. Any one who is thus proud of a favor, he takes it back again. What you have saved is not on account of that, your property. Else a robber driven by his avarice into the fire would be as good a hero as you. (Approaches Recha to lead her to the Templar.) Come, dear girl, come! Take it not so particularly with him. For would he be otherwise, were he less high-spirited and proud, he would have abstained from saving you. You must reckon him the one for the other. Come! put him to shame!

Do that which is becoming him to do. Confess your love to him, give him your hand! And if he spurns such an offer, and ever forget how much you have done in this affair for him than he for you What did then he for you? Exposed himself a little to smoke? There is something remarkable! Thus he has nothing of my brother, my Assad! He has only his features, but not his heart. Come, love

SIT. Go, love! go! It is still very little for your gratitude, very little!

NAT. Hold Saladin! Hold Sittah!

SAL. You also?

NAT. There is another one who has to say something about this affair.

SAL. Who would deny that? A deliberative vote belongs indisputable to such a foster-father! The first, if you wish it. You see, that I know how the matter stands.

NAT. Not quite! I speak not of myself. I entreat you Saladin to hear first quite another one.

SAL. Whom?

NAT. Her brother!

SAL. Recha's brother?

NAT. Yes!

RECH. My brother? Have I a brother?

TEMP. (standing up from a wild and silent distraction.) Where? Where is this brother? Has not he come yet? I should meet him here.

NAT. Have patience, if you please.

TEMP. (most bitterly.) He imposed on her a father, would he not also find for her a brother?

SAL. That is too bad Christian! Such a mean suspicion would never have come from Assad's lips. Well, go on so!

NAT. Pardon him! I gladly forgive him!—Who knows, what we would think were we in his place and in his age. (Coming up to the Templar friendly.) It is natural, knight! Distrust is followed by suspicion!—If you had deigned me to tell at once your right name . . .

TEMP. How?

NAT. You are not a Stauffen !

TEMP. Who am I ?

NAT. Your name is not Curd von Stauffen !

TEMP. What is my name ?

NAT. Your name is Leo von Filneck.

TEMP. How ?

NAT. You are startled ?

TEMP. Who can say that with good reason ?

NAT. I who can tell you still more. Yet you will not be contradicted.

TEMP. Not ?

NAT. It is very likely that you go also under the other name.—

TEMP. I should think so ! (God told him to say that !)

NAT. For your mother was a descendant of the Stauffen. Her brother, your uncle who brought you up, and to whom your parents left you in Germany, when driven away from that unpropitious climate, returned to this country

again, was Curd von Stauffen. He had adopted you as his own child perhaps! Did you come over with him to this country long ago? And is he still living?

TEMP. What shall I say?—Nathan! Indeed! That is so! He is dead! I came over with him with the last reinforcement of our order. But what has Recha's brother to do with all this?

NAT. Your father

TEMP. How? Did you know him too?

NAT. He was my friend.

TEMP. Was your friend? Is it possible, Nathan!

NAT. He called himself Wolf von Filneck; but he was not a German

TEMP. You know also that?

NAT. He married a German lady, and followed your mother to Germany for a short time.

TEMP. Nothing more! I entreat you!—But Recha's brother? Recha's brother?

NAT. Are you!

TEMP. I? I her brother?

RECH. He my brother?

SIT. Brother and sister!

SAL. They are brother and sister!

RECH. (coming up to him.) Oh! My brother!

TEMP. (stepping back.) Her brother!

RECH. (stopping and turning herself towards Nathan) Cannot be! Cannot! His heart knows nothing of it! We are impostors! God!

SAL. (to the Templar) Impostors? how? Do you think that? Can you think that? You are yourself an impostor! Because all is counterfeit in you: face, voice, and gait! Nothing yours! You will acknowledge [such a sister! Go!

TEMP. (approaching submissively.) Sultan, may not you too misjudge my astonishment! In a moment in which you have hardly ever

seen your Assad, mistake not the value of him and me! (Hastening towards Nathan.) You take away and you give me, Nathan! both by handfulls! No, you give me a great deal more than you take away! inexpressible more. (embracing Recha.) Ah, my sister! My sister!

NAT. Blanda von Filneck!

TEMP. Blanda? Blanda?—Not Recha? Not any more your Recha?—God! You cast her off! You give her back her Christian name! Cast her off on account of me! Nathan! Nathan! Why shall she suffer for it? she!

NAT. And what?—Oh! my children! My children!—For were not also the brother of my daughter my child as soon as he wishes to be so? (while they are embracing him Saladin approaches Sittah with an uneasy amazement.)

SAL. What do you say, sister?

SIT. I am moved

SAL. And I, recoil shuddering from still a greater emotion! Prepare yourself for that as well as you can.

SIT. How ?

SAL. Nathan, a word with you ! a single word !—(When Nathan is approaching him, Sittah comes up to the brother and sister to show them her sympathy and Nathan and Saladin are speaking lower.) Listen, Nathan, listen ! Did not you say before— ?

NAT. What ?

SAL. Her father came not from Germany, was not a native German. What countryman was he and where did he come from ?

NAT. He wanted never to tell me that. I know nothing about it from his lips.

SAL. And was not a Frenchman nor an inhabitant of the western country ?

NAT. Oh ! He acknowledged it very well, that he was such a one. He liked the best to speak the Persian language

SAL. The Persian ? Persian ? What need I more ?—It is he ! He was it !

NAT. Who ?

SAL. My brother! Surely! My Assad!
Pretty sure!

NAT. Now as you yourself guessed it, I
give you now the assurance of it in this book.
(Presenting him the breviary.)

SAL. (opening it eagerly.) Oh! his hand-
writing! I recognize that too!

NAT. They know nothing about it yet! It
is entirely left to you how much they shall hear
of it!

SAL. (having run over the book.) Shall I
not recognize my brother's children? Not my
nephew and niece? My children? Shall I not
recognize them? Shall I leave them to you?
(loudly again.) These they are! These they
are! Sittah! These they are! They are both
the children of my and your brother! (he is
hurrying to embrace them.)

SRT. (following him.) What do I hear!
could it be otherwise!

SAL. (to the Templar.) Yet you must love
me obstinate fellow! (to Recha.) Am I not

to you that which I offered to you, whether you want it or not ?

SIT. So am I too ! am I too !

SAL. (again to the Templar.) My son, my Assad, my Assad's son !

TEMP. I am of your blood—Thus were those dreams with which they lulled my childhood, more than dreams ! (Templar falling down at his feet.)

SAL. (raising him.) Look here at the rogue ! He did know something of it and could nearly make me his murderer. Wait !

(While all are embracing each other silently, the curtain falls.)



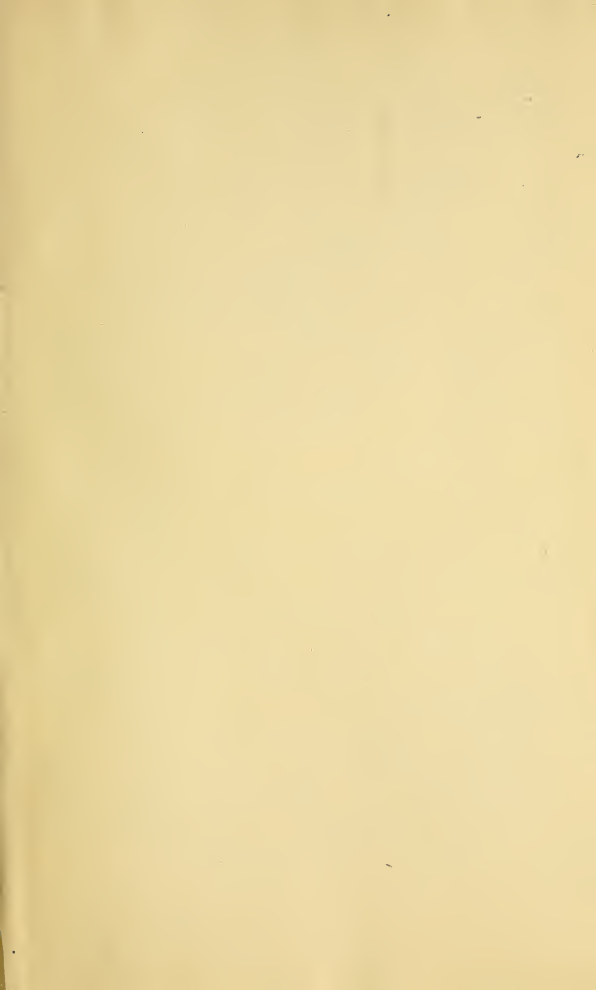
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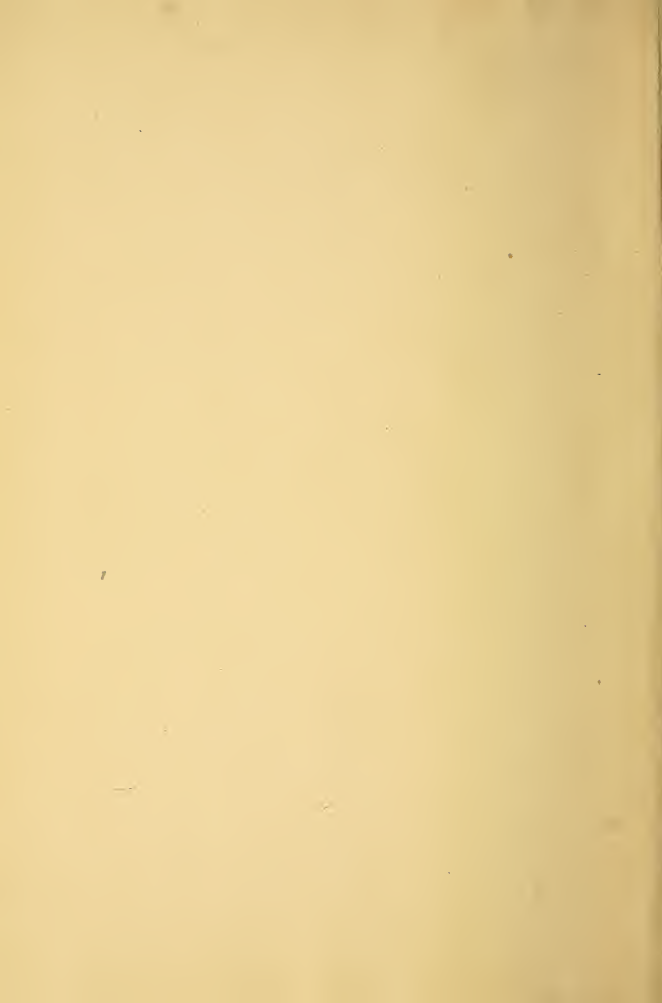
- Page 15, 3d line "from face to face," should be "face to face"
- " 16, " " from foot, "poinard" " "poniard"
- " 20, " " " "Cruel enthusiasts" should be "Cruel
enthusiasts!"
- " 22, 7th " " "Forcertainty" should be "For certainly"
- " 24, 4th " "Dervie" should be "Dervise"
- " 39, 13th " "of the templar's" should be "of the templars"
- " 76, 8th & 9th line, "her, Daja?" " "her Daja?"
- " 80, 6th line from foot, "listening there!" should be "listening
there?"
- " 90, 11th " "allusion" should be "illusion"
- " 136, 10th " from foot, "retenue" should be "retinue"
- " 143, 7th " " the word "Sal" is to be added.
- " 149, 5th " " "be gulled" should be "beguile"
- " 153, 9th " " "patriarah" " "patriarch"
- " 184, 3d " " "behaviour" " "behavior"
- " 184, 12th " " "consideratley" should be "considerately"

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